OEDIPUS THE KING.



"ἰοὺ ἰού· τὰ πάντ᾽ ἂν ἐξήκοι σαφῆ."

OEDIPUS THE KING.

TEXT AND TRANSLATION.

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THE ARGUMENT.

Oedipus was the son of Laïus and Jocasta, who were King and Queen of Thebes. His birth had been forbidden, and his parents sent him to be exposed on Mount Cithaeron. But the messenger took pity on the child, and gave him to a servant of Polybus the King of Corinth, who adopted him.

Years afterwards, Laïus went on a mission to Delphi, and was met by Oedipus, who had just received a dreadful oracle there, and was afraid to return to Corinth. The strangers quarrelled, and Oedipus slew his father. One of the attendants of Laïus escaped. It was the same man who had spared him when a child. Oedipus passed on and came to Thebes, where the news of the death of Laïus found the city already in distress. The Sphinx was killing all who failed to solve her riddle. But Oedipus solved it, and delivered Thebes. He was rewarded with the vacant throne and with the hand of the queen,—his mother Jocasta.

After another interval of several years, a pestilence falls upon the city, and the oracle declares that it is for the blood of Laïus. Oedipus undertakes to find the murderer, and with the help of the old servant, who is brought from his retreat, unveils the horror of his birth.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ.
ΚΡΕΩΝ.
ΧΟΡΟΣ *γερόντων Θηβαίων.*
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.
ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ *Λαΐου.*
ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

Ὦ τέκνα, Κάδμου τοῦ πάλαι νέα τροφή, [*Introit.*
τίνας ποθ' ἕδρας τάσδε μοι θοάζετε
ἱκτηρίοις κλάδοισιν ἐξεστεμμένοι;
πόλις δ' ὁμοῦ μὲν θυμιαμάτων γέμει,
ὁμοῦ δὲ παιάνων τε καὶ στεναγμάτων·
ἁγὼ δικαιῶν μὴ παρ' ἀγγέλων, τέκνα,
ἄλλων ἀκούειν αὐτὸς ὧδ' ἐλήλυθα,
ὁ πᾶσι κλεινὸς Οἰδίπους καλούμενος.
ἀλλ', ὦ γεραιέ, φράζ', ἐπεὶ πρέπων ἔφυς
πρὸ τῶνδε φωνεῖν, τίνι τρόπῳ καθέστατε,
δείσαντες ἢ στέρξαντες; ὡς θέλοντος ἂν

OEDIPUS THE KING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

OEDIPUS, *King of Thebes.*
JOCASTA, *his wife.*
CREON, *her brother.*
TEIRESIAS, *a blind seer.*
PRIEST *of Zeus.*
CHORUS *of Theban old men.*
MESSENGER *from Corinth.*
MESSENGER *from within the Palace.*
SERVANT *of Laïus.*

MUTE PERSONS.

ANTIGONE, ISMENE, *Youthful daughters of* Oedipus.
SUPPLIANTS; BOY, *attendant on* Teiresias; ATTENDANTS *on* Oedipus, Jocasta, *and* Creon, *two to each.*

SCENE.—*Before the Royal Palace in Boeotian Thebes.*

OEDIPUS.—PRIEST OF ZEUS.—SUPPLIANTS.

OEDIPUS.

Why sit ye here, my children, youngest brood
Of Cadmus famed of old, in solemn state,
Your hands thus wreathèd with the suppliants' boughs?
And all the city reeks with incense smoke,
And all re-echoes with your hymns and groans;
And I, my children, counting it unmeet
To hear report from others, I have come
Myself, whom all name Oedipus the Great.—
Do thou, then, agèd Sire, since thine the right
To speak for these, tell clearly how ye stand,
In terror or submission; speak to me

ἐμοῦ προσαρκεῖν πᾶν· δυσάλγητος γὰρ ἂν
εἴην τοιάνδε μὴ οὐ κατοικτείρων ἕδραν.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ.

ἀλλ', ὦ κρατύνων Οἰδίπους χώρας ἐμῆς,
ὁρᾷς μὲν ἡμᾶς ἡλίκοι προσήμεθα
βωμοῖσι τοῖς σοῖς, οἱ μὲν οὐδέπω μακρὰν
πτέσθαι σθένοντες, οἱ δὲ σὺν γήρᾳ βαρεῖς,
ἱερῆς, ἐγὼ μὲν Ζηνός, οἱ δ' ἐπ' ἠθέων
λεκτοί· τὸ δ' ἄλλο φῦλον ἐξεστεμμένον
ἀγοραῖσι θακεῖ, πρός τε Παλλάδος διπλοῖς
ναοῖς, ἐπ' Ἰσμηνοῦ τε μαντείᾳ σποδῷ.
πόλις γάρ, ὥσπερ καὐτὸς εἰσορᾷς, ἄγαν
ἤδη σαλεύει κἀνακουφίσαι κάρα
βυθῶν ἔτ' οὐχ οἵα τε φοινίου σάλου,
φθίνουσα μὲν κάλυξιν ἐγκάρποις χθονός,
φθίνουσα δ' ἀγέλαις βουνόμοις, τόκοισί τε
ἀγόνοις γυναικῶν· ἐν δ' ὁ πυρφόρος θεὸς
σκήψας ἐλαύνει, λοιμὸς ἔχθιστος, πόλιν,
ὑφ' οὗ κενοῦται δῶμα Καδμεῖον· μέλας δ'
Ἅιδης στεναγμοῖς καὶ γόοις πλουτίζεται.
θεοῖσι μέν νυν οὐκ ἰσούμενόν σ' ἐγὼ
οὐδ' οἵδε παῖδες ἑζόμεσθ' ἐφέστιοι,
ἀνδρῶν δὲ πρῶτον ἔν τε συμφοραῖς βίου
κρίνοντες ἔν τε δαιμόνων συναλλαγαῖς·
ὅς τ' ἐξέλυσας, ἄστυ Καδμεῖον μολών,
σκληρᾶς ἀοιδοῦ δασμὸν ὃν παρείχομεν·
καὶ ταῦθ' ὑφ' ἡμῶν οὐδὲν ἐξειδὼς πλέον

As willing helper. Heartless should I be
To see you prostrate thus, and feel no ruth.

PRIEST.

Yea, Oedipus, thou ruler of my land,
Thou seest our age, who sit as suppliants, bowed
Around thine altars; some as yet too weak
For distant flight, and some weighed down with age,
Priest, I, of Zeus, and these the chosen youth:
And in the market-places of the town
The people sit and wail, with wreath in hand,
By the two shrines of Pallas, or the grave,
Where still the seer Ismenus prophesies.
For this our city, as thine eyes may see,
Is sorely tempest-tossed, nor lifts its head
From out the surging sea of blood-flecked waves,
All smitten in the ripening blooms of earth,
All smitten in the herds that graze the fields,
Yea, and in timeless births of woman's fruit;
And still the God, fire-darting Pestilence,
As deadliest foe, upon our city swoops,
And desolates the home where Cadmus dwelt,
And Hades dark grows rich in sighs and groans.
It is not that we deem of thee as one
Equalled with Gods in power, that we sit here,
These little ones and I, as suppliants prone;
But, judging thee, in all life's shifting scenes,
Chiefest of men, yea, and of chiefest skill
In communings with Heaven. For thou did'st come
And freed'st this city, named of Cadmus old,
From the sad tribute which of yore we paid
To that stern songstress, all untaught of us,

οὐδ᾽ ἐκδιδαχθείς, ἀλλὰ προσθήκῃ θεοῦ
λέγει νομίζει θ᾽ ἡμὶν ὀρθῶσαι βίον·
νῦν τ᾽, ὦ κράτιστον πᾶσιν Οἰδίπου κάρα,
ἱκετεύομέν σε πάντες οἵδε πρόστροποι
ἀλκήν τιν᾽ εὑρεῖν ἡμίν, εἴτε του θεῶν
φήμην ἀκούσας εἴτ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ἀνδρὸς οἶσθά που·
ὡς τοῖσιν ἐμπείροισι καὶ τὰς ξυμφορὰς
ζώσας ὁρῶ μάλιστα τῶν βουλευμάτων.
ἴθ᾽, ὦ βροτῶν ἄριστ᾽, ἀνόρθωσον πόλιν·
ἴθ᾽, εὐλαβήθηθ᾽· ὡς σὲ νῦν μὲν ἥδε γῆ
σωτῆρα κλῄζει τῆς πάρος προθυμίας·
ἀρχῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς μηδαμῶς μεμνώμεθα
στάντες τ᾽ ἐς ὀρθὸν καὶ πεσόντες ὕστερον,
ἀλλ᾽ ἀσφαλείᾳ τήνδ᾽ ἀνόρθωσον πόλιν.
ὄρνιθι γὰρ καὶ τὴν τότ᾽ αἰσίῳ τύχην
παρέσχες ἡμὶν, καὶ τανῦν ἴσος γενοῦ.
ὡς εἴπερ ἄρξεις τῆσδε γῆς, ὥσπερ κρατεῖς,
ξὺν ἀνδράσιν κάλλιον ἢ κενῆς κρατεῖν·
ὡς οὐδέν ἐστιν οὔτε πύργος οὔτε ναῦς
ἔρημος ἀνδρῶν μὴ ξυνοικούντων ἔσω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὦ παῖδες οἰκτροί, γνωτὰ κοὐκ ἄγνωτά μοι
προσήλθεθ᾽ ἱμείροντες. εὖ γὰρ οἶδ᾽ ὅτι
νοσεῖτε πάντες, καὶ νοσοῦντες, ὡς ἐγὼ
οὐκ ἔστιν ὑμῶν ὅστις ἐξ ἴσου νοσεῖ.
τὸ μὲν γὰρ ὑμῶν ἄλγος εἰς ἕν᾽ ἔρχεται
μόνον καθ᾽ αὑτόν, κοὐδέν᾽ ἄλλον, ἡ δ᾽ ἐμὴ

And all unprompted; but by gift of God,
Men think and say, thou did'st our life upraise.
And now, dear Oedipus, most honored lord,
We pray thee, we thy suppliants, find for us
Some succor, whether voice of any God,
Or any man brings knowledge to thy soul;
For still I see, with those whom life has trained
To long-tried skill, the issues of their thoughts
Live and are mighty. Come then, noblest one,
Raise up our city; come, take heed to it;
As yet this land, for all thy former zeal,
Calls thee its saviour: do not give us cause
So to remember this thy reign, as men
Who having risen, then fall low again;
But raise our state to safety. Omens good
Were then with thee; thou did'st thy work, and now
Be equal to thyself! If thou wilt rule,
As thou dost sway, this land wherein we dwell,
'Twere better far to rule o'er living men
Than o'er a realm dispeopled. Nought avails,
Or tower or ship, when men are not within.

OEDIPUS.

O children, wailing loud, ye come with wish
Well-known, not unknown; well I know that ye
Are smitten, one and all, with taint of plague,
And yet though smitten, none that taint of plague
Feels as I feel it. Each his burden bears,
His own and not another's; but my heart

ψυχὴ πόλιν τε κἀμὲ καὶ σ᾽ ὁμοῦ στένει.
ὥστ᾽ οὐχ ὕπνῳ γ᾽ εὕδοντά μ᾽ ἐξεγείρετε,
ἀλλ᾽ ἴστε πολλὰ μέν με δακρύσαντα δή,
πολλὰς δ᾽ ὁδοὺς ἐλθόντα φροντίδος πλάνοις.
ἣν δ᾽ εὖ σκοπῶν εὕρισκον ἴασιν μόνην,
ταύτην ἔπραξα· παῖδα γὰρ Μενοικέως
Κρέοντ᾽, ἐμαυτοῦ γαμβρόν, ἐς τὰ Πυθικὰ
ἔπεμψα Φοίβου δώμαθ᾽, ὡς πύθοιθ᾽ ὅ τι
δρῶν ἢ τί φωνῶν τήνδε ῥυσαίμην πόλιν.
καί μ᾽ ἦμαρ ἤδη ξυμμετρούμενον χρόνῳ
λυπεῖ τί πράσσει· τοῦ γὰρ εἰκότος πέρα
ἄπεστι πλείω τοῦ καθήκοντος χρόνου.
ὅταν δ᾽ ἵκηται, τηνικαῦτ᾽ ἐγὼ κακὸς
μὴ δρῶν ἂν εἴην πάνθ᾽ ὅσ᾽ ἂν δηλοῖ θεός.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ.

ἀλλ᾽ εἰς καλὸν σύ τ᾽ εἶπας οἵδε τ᾽ ἀρτίως
Κρέοντα προσστείχοντα σημαίνουσί μοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὦναξ Ἄπολλον, εἰ γὰρ ἐν τύχῃ γέ τῳ
σωτῆρι βαίη λαμπρὸς ὥσπερ ὄμματι.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ.

ἀλλ᾽ εἰκάσαι μέν, ἡδύς· οὐ γὰρ ἂν κάρα
πολυστεφὴς ὧδ᾽ εἷρπε παγκάρπου δάφνης.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τάχ᾽ εἰσόμεσθα· ξύμμετρος γὰρ ὡς κλύειν.
ἄναξ, ἐμὸν κήδευμα, παῖ Μενοικέως,
τίν᾽ ἡμὶν ἥκεις τοῦ θεοῦ φήμην φέρων;

Mourns for the state, for you, and for myself;
And, lo, ye wake me not as plunged in sleep,
But find me weeping, weeping many tears,
And treading many paths in wandering thought;
And that one way of health I, seeking, found,
This have I acted on. Menoeceus' son,
Creon, my kinsman, have I sent to seek
The Pythian home of Phoebus, there to learn
The words or deeds wherewith to save the state;
And even now I measure o'er the time,
And ask, "How fares he?" grieving, for he stays,
Most strangely, far beyond the appointed day;
But when he comes, I should be base indeed,
Failing to do whate'er the God declares.

PRIEST.

Well hast thou spoken! And these bring me word,
That Creon comes advancing on his way.

OEDIPUS.

O king Apollo, may he come with chance
That brings deliverance, as his looks are bright.

PRIEST.

If one may guess, he's glad. He had not come
Crowned with rich wreaths of fruitful laurel else.

OEDIPUS.

Soon we shall know. Our voice can reach him now.
Say, prince, our well-beloved, Menoeceus' son,
What sacred answer bring'st thou from the God?

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ἐσθλήν· λέγω γὰρ καὶ τὰ δύσφορ', εἰ τύχοι [Introit.
κατ' ὀρθὸν ἐξελθόντα, πάντ' ἂν εὐτυχεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἔστιν δὲ ποῖον τοὔπος; οὔτε γὰρ θρασὺς
οὔτ' οὖν προδείσας εἰμὶ τῷ γε νῦν λόγῳ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

εἰ τῶνδε χρῄζεις πλησιαζόντων κλύειν,
ἕτοιμος εἰπεῖν, εἴτε καὶ στείχειν ἔσω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἐς πάντας αὔδα. τῶνδε γὰρ πλέον φέρω
τὸ πένθος ἢ καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

λέγοιμ' ἂν οἷ' ἤκουσα τοῦ θεοῦ πάρα.
ἄνωγεν ἡμᾶς Φοῖβος ἐμφανῶς ἄναξ
μίασμα χώρας, ὡς τεθραμμένον χθονὶ
ἐν τῇδ', ἐλαύνειν, μηδ' ἀνήκεστον τρέφειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ποίῳ καθαρμῷ; τίς ὁ τρόπος τῆς ξυμφορᾶς;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ἀνδρηλατοῦντας, ἢ φόνῳ φόνον πάλιν
λύοντας, ὡς τόδ' αἷμα χειμάζον πόλιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ποίου γὰρ ἀνδρὸς τήνδε μηνύει τύχην;

CREON.

[*Enters at the spectators' left, coming from Delphi.*]

A right good answer! E'en our evil plight,
If all goes well, may end in highest good.

OEDIPUS.

What were the words? Nor full of eager hope,
Nor trembling panic, list I to thy speech.

CREON.

I, if thou wish, am ready, these being by,
To tell thee all, or go within the gates.

OEDIPUS.

Speak out to all. I sorrow more for them
Than for the woe which touches me alone.

CREON.

I then will speak what from the God I heard:
King Phoebus bids us chase the plague away
(The words were plain) now cleaving to our land,
Nor cherish guilt which still remains unhealed.

OEDIPUS.

But with what rites? And what the deed itself?

CREON.

Or drive far off, or blood for blood repay;
That guilt of blood is blasting all the state.

OEDIPUS.

But whose fate is it that He pointeth to?

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ἦν ἡμὶν, ὦναξ, Λάϊός ποθ' ἡγεμὼν
γῆς τῆσδε, πρὶν σὲ τήνδ' ἀπευθύνειν πόλιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἔξοιδ' ἀκούων· οὐ γὰρ εἰσεῖδόν γέ πω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

τούτου θανόντος νῦν ἐπιστέλλει σαφῶς
τοὺς αὐτοέντας χειρὶ τιμωρεῖν τινας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οἱ δ' εἰσὶ ποῦ γῆς; ποῦ τόδ' εὑρεθήσεται
ἴχνος παλαιᾶς δυστέκμαρτον αἰτίας;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ἐν τῇδ' ἔφασκε γῇ. τὸ δὲ ζητούμενον
ἁλωτὸν, ἐκφεύγει δὲ τἀμελούμενον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πότερα δ' ἐν οἴκοις, ἢ 'ν ἀγροῖς ὁ Λάϊος,
ἢ γῆς ἐπ' ἄλλης τῷδε συμπίπτει φόνῳ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

θεωρός, ὡς ἔφασκεν, ἐκδημῶν, πάλιν
πρὸς οἶκον οὐκέθ' ἵκεθ', ὡς ἀπεστάλη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὐδ' ἄγγελός τις οὐδὲ συμπράκτωρ ὁδοῦ
κατεῖδεν, οὗ τις ἐκμαθὼν ἐχρήσατ' ἄν;

CREON.

Once, O my king, ere thou did'st guide our state,
Our sovereign Laïus ruled o'er all the land.

OEDIPUS.

So have I heard, for him I never saw.

CREON.

Now the God clearly bids us, he being dead,
To take revenge on those who shed his blood.

OEDIPUS.

Yes; but where are they? How to track the course
Of guilt all shrouded in the doubtful past?

CREON.

In this our land, so said He; those who seek
Shall find; unsought, we lose it utterly.

OEDIPUS.

Was it at home, or in the field, or else
In some strange land that Laïus met his doom?

CREON.

He went, so spake he, pilgrim-wise afar,
And never more came back as forth he went.

OEDIPUS.

Was there no courier, none who shared his road,
Who knew what, learning, one might turn to good?

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

θνήσκουσι γάρ, πλὴν εἷς τις, ὃς φόβῳ φυγὼν
ὧν εἶδε πλὴν ἓν οὐδὲν εἶχ' εἰδὼς φράσαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τὸ ποῖον ; ἓν γὰρ πόλλ' ἂν ἐξεύροι μαθεῖν,
ἀρχὴν βραχεῖαν εἰ λάβοιμεν ἐλπίδος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

λῃστὰς ἔφασκε συντυχόντας οὐ μιᾷ
ῥώμῃ κτανεῖν νιν, ἀλλὰ σὺν πλήθει χερῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πῶς οὖν ὁ λῃστής, εἴ τι μὴ ξὺν ἀργύρῳ
ἐπράσσετ' ἐνθένδ', ἐς τόδ' ἂν τόλμης ἔβη ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

δοκοῦντα ταῦτ' ἦν· Λαΐου δ' ὀλωλότος
οὐδεὶς ἀρωγὸς ἐν κακοῖς ἐγίγνετο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

κακὸν δὲ ποῖον ἐμποδὼν τυραννίδος
οὕτω πεσούσης εἶργε τοῦτ' ἐξειδέναι ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ἡ ποικιλῳδὸς Σφὶγξ τὸ πρὸς ποσὶ σκοπεῖν
μεθέντας ἡμᾶς τἀφανῆ προσήγετο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλ' ἐξ ὑπαρχῆς αὖθις αὔτ' ἐγὼ φανῶ.
ἐπαξίως γὰρ Φοῖβος, ἀξίως δὲ σὺ
πρὸς τοῦ θανόντος τήνδ' ἔθεσθ' ἐπιστροφήν·

CREON.

Dead were they all, save one who fled for fear,
And he knew nought to tell but one small fact.

OEDIPUS.

And what was that? One fact might teach us much,
Had we but one small starting-point of hope.

CREON.

He used to tell that robbers fell on him,
Not man for man, but with outnumbering force.

OEDIPUS.

How could the robber e'er have dared this deed,
Unless some bribe from hence had tempted him?

CREON.

So men might think; but Laïus having died,
There was no helper for us in our ills.

OEDIPUS.

What ill then hindered, when your sovereignty
Had fallen thus, from searching out the truth?

CREON.

The Sphinx, with her dark riddle, bade us look
At nearer facts, and leave the dim obscure.

OEDIPUS.

Well, be it mine to track them to their source.
Right well hath Phoebus, and right well hast thou,
Shown for the dead your care, and ye shall find,

ὥστ᾽ ἐνδίκως ὄψεσθε κἀμὲ σύμμαχον,
γῇ τῇδε τιμωροῦντα τῷ θεῷ θ᾽ ἅμα.
ὑπὲρ γὰρ οὐχὶ τῶν ἀπωτέρω φίλων,
ἀλλ᾽ αὐτὸς αὑτοῦ, τοῦτ᾽ ἀποσκεδῶ μύσος.
ὅστις γὰρ ἦν ἐκεῖνον ὁ κτανὼν τάχ᾽ ἂν
κἄμ᾽ ἂν τοιαύτῃ χειρὶ τιμωρεῖν θέλοι.
κείνῳ προσαρκῶν οὖν ἐμαυτὸν ὠφελῶ.
ἀλλ᾽ ὡς τάχιστα, παῖδες, ὑμεῖς μὲν βάθρων
ἵστασθε, τούσδ᾽ ἄραντες ἱκτῆρας κλάδους,
ἄλλος δὲ Κάδμου λαὸν ὧδ᾽ ἀθροιζέτω,
ὡς πᾶν ἐμοῦ δράσοντος. ἢ γὰρ εὐτυχεῖς
σὺν τῷ θεῷ φανούμεθ᾽, ἢ πεπτωκότες.

[*Exeunt* Œdipus *et* Creon.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ.

ὦ παῖδες, ἱστώμεσθα. τῶνδε γὰρ χάριν
καὶ δεῦρ᾽ ἔβημεν ὧν ὅδ᾽ ἐξαγγέλλεται.
Φοῖβος δ᾽ ὁ πέμψας τάσδε μαντείας ἅμα
σωτήρ θ᾽ ἵκοιτο καὶ νόσου παυστήριος.

[*Exeunt supplices.*

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

στρ. ά.

ὦ Διὸς ἁδυεπὲς Φάτι, τίς ποτε τᾶς πολυχρύσου [*Introit.*
Πυθῶνος ἀγλαὰς ἔβας
Θήβας; ἐκτέταμαι, φοβερὰν φρένα δείματι πάλλων,
ἰήϊε Δάλιε Παιάν,
ἀμφὶ σοὶ ἁζόμενος, τί μοι ἢ νέον ἢ περιτελλομέναις
ὥραις πάλιν
ἐξανύσεις χρέος· εἰπέ μοι, ὦ χρυσέας τέκνον Ἐλπίδος, ἄμ-
βροτε Φάμα.

As is most meet, in me a helper true,
Aiding at once my country and the God.
It is not for the sake of friends remote,
But for mine own, that I dispel this pest;
For he that slew him, whosoe'er he be,
Will wish, perchance, with such a blow to smite
Me also. Helping him, I help myself.
And now, my children, rise with utmost speed
From off these steps, and raise your suppliant boughs;
And let another call my people here,
The race of Cadmus, and make known that I
Will do my taskwork to the uttermost:
So, as God wills, we prosper, or we fail.

[OEDIPUS *and* CREON *go within.*

PRIEST.

Rise then, my children, 'twas for this we came,
For these good tidings which those lips have brought,
And Phoebus, who hath sent these oracles,
Pray that He come to save, and heal our plague.

[*Exeunt* PRIEST *and* SUPPLIANTS, *the latter taking their boughs from the altar and bearing them, as they march in procession.*

Enter CHORUS *of Theban citizens, at the spectators' right, from the city.*

CHORUS.

STROPH. I.

O word of Zeus, glad-voiced, with what intent
From Pytho, bright with gold,
Cam'st thou to Thebes, our city of high fame?
For lo! I faint for fear,
Through all my soul I quiver in suspense,
(Hear, Io Paean! God of Delos, hear!)
In brooding dread, what doom, of present growth,
Or as the months roll on, thy hand will work;
Tell me, O deathless Voice, thou child of golden hope!

ἀντ. α΄.

πρῶτά σε κεκλόμενος, θύγατερ Διός, ἄμβροτ' Ἀθάνα,
γαιάοχόν τ' ἀδελφεὰν
Ἄρτεμιν, ἃ κυκλόεντ' ἀγορᾶς θρόνον εὐκλέα θάσσει,
καὶ Φοῖβον ἑκαβόλον, ἰώ,
τρισσοὶ ἀλεξίμοροι προφάνητέ μοι, εἴ ποτε καὶ προτέρας ἄτας ὕπερ
ὀρνυμένας πόλει ἠνύσατ' ἐκτοπίαν φλόγα πήματος, ἔλθετε καὶ νῦν.

στρ. β΄.

ὦ πόποι, ἀνάριθμα γὰρ φέρω
πήματα· νοσεῖ δέ μοι πρόπας
στόλος, οὐδ' ἔνι φροντίδος ἔγχος
ᾧ τις ἀλέξεται· οὔτε γὰρ ἔκγονα
κλυτᾶς χθονὸς αὔξεται, οὔτε τόκοισιν
ἰηΐων καμάτων ἀνέχουσι γυναῖκες·
ἄλλον δ' ἂν ἄλλᾳ προσίδοις, ἅπερ εὔπτερον ὄρνιν
κρεῖσσον ἀμαιμακέτου πυρὸς ὄρμενον
ἀκτὰν πρὸς ἑσπέρου θεοῦ·

ἀντ. β΄.

ὧν πόλις ἀνάριθμος ὄλλυται·
νηλέα δὲ γένεθλα πρὸς πέδῳ
θαναταφόρα κεῖται ἀνοίκτως·
ἐν δ' ἄλοχοι πολιαί τ' ἔπι ματέρες
ἀκτὰν παρὰ βώμιον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλαι
λυγρῶν πόνων ἱκτῆρες ἐπιστενάχουσιν.
παιὰν δὲ λάμπει στονόεσσά τε γῆρυς ὅμαυλος·
ὧν ὕπερ, ὦ χρυσέα θύγατερ Διός,
εὐῶπα πέμψον ἀλκάν·

ANTISTROPH. I.

Thee first, Zeus-born Athena, thee I call,
    Divine and deathless One,
And next thy sister, Goddess of our land,
    Our Artemis, who sits,
Queen of our market, on encircled throne;
And Phoebus, the far-darter! O ye Three,
Shine on us, and deliver us from ill!
If e'er before, when storms of woe oppressed,
Ye stayed the fiery tide, O come and help us now!

STROPH. II.

Ah me, ah me, for sorrows numberless
    Press on my soul;
And all the host is smitten, and our thoughts
    Lack weapons to resist.
For increase fails of fruits of goodly earth,
And women sink in childbirth's wailing pangs,
    And one by one, as flit
    The swift-winged birds through air,
So, flitting to the shore of Him who dwells
    Down in the darkling West,
    Fleeter than mightiest fire,
    Thou see'st them passing on.

ANTISTROPH. II.

Yea, numberless are they who perish thus;
    And on the earth,
Still breeding plague, unpitied infants lie,
    Cast out all ruthlessly;
And wives and mothers, gray with hoary age,
Some here, some there, by every altar mourn,
    With woe and sorrow crushed,
    And chant their wailing plaint.
Clear thrills the sense their solemn Paean cry,
    And the sad anthem song;
    Hear, golden child of Zeus,
    And send us bright-eyed help.

στρ. γ΄.

Ἀρεά τε τὸν μαλερόν, ὃς νῦν ἄχαλκος ἀσπίδων
φλέγει με περιβόατος ἀντιάζων,
παλίσσυτον δράμημα νωτίσαι πάτρας
ἄπουρον, εἴτ' ἐς μέγαν θάλαμον Ἀμφιτρίτας,
εἴτ' ἐς τὸν ἀπόξενον ὅρμον Θρήκιον κλύδωνα·
τέλει γὰρ εἴ τι νὺξ ἀφῇ, τοῦτ' ἐπ' ἦμαρ ἔρχεται·
τόν, ὦ τᾶν πυρφόρων ἀστραπᾶν κράτη νέμων,
ὦ Ζεῦ πάτερ, ὑπὸ σῷ φθίσον κεραυνῷ.

ἀντ. γ΄.

Λύκει' ἄναξ, τά τε σὰ χρυσοστρόφων ἀπ' ἀγκυλᾶν
βέλεα θέλοιμ' ἂν ἀδάματ' ἐνδατεῖσθαι
ἀρωγὰ προσταχθέντα, τάς τε πυρφόρους
Ἀρτέμιδος αἴγλας, ξὺν αἷς Λύκι' ὄρη διᾴσσει· [*Introit* Œd.
τὸν χρυσομίτραν τε κικλήσκω τᾶσδ' ἐπώνυμον γᾶς,
οἰνῶπα Βάκχον εὔιον, Μαινάδων ὁμόστολον
πελασθῆναι φλέγοντ' ἀγλαῶπι σύμμαχον
πεύκᾳ 'πὶ τὸν ἀπότιμον ἐν θεοῖς θεόν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

αἰτεῖς· ἃ δ' αἰτεῖς, τἄμ' ἐὰν θέλῃς ἔπη
κλύων δέχεσθαι τῇ νόσῳ θ' ὑπηρετεῖν,
ἀλκὴν λάβοις ἂν κἀνακούφισιν κακῶν·
ἁγὼ ξένος μὲν τοῦ λόγου τοῦδ' ἐξερῶ,
ξένος δὲ τοῦ πραχθέντος. οὐ γὰρ ἂν μακρὰν
ἴχνευον αὐτός, οὐκ ἔχων τι σύμβολον.
νῦν δ', ὕστερος γὰρ ἀστὸς εἰς ἀστοὺς τελῶ,
ὑμῖν προφωνῶ πᾶσι Καδμείοις τάδε·
ὅστις ποθ' ὑμῶν Λάϊον τὸν Λαβδάκου

STROPH. III.

And Ares the destroyer drive away!
    Who now, though hushed the din
    Of brazen shield and spear,
    With fiercest battle-cry
    Wars on me mightily.
    Bid him go back in flight,
    Retreat from this our land,
    Or to the ocean bed,
    Where Amphitrite sleeps,
Or to that haven of the homeless sea
    Which sweeps the Thracian shore.
    If waning night spares aught,
    That doth the day assail:
    Do thou, then, Sire almighty,
    Wielding the lightning's strength,
Blast him with thy dread fiery thunderbolts.

ANTISTROPH. III.

And thou, Lycian king, the wolf's dread foe,
    Fain would I see thy darts
    From out thy golden bow
    Go forth invincible,
    Helping and bringing aid;
    And with them, winged with fire,
    The rays of Artemis,
    With which on Lycian hills
    She moveth on her course. [OEDIPUS *enters.*
And last, O golden-crowned, I call on thee,
    Named after this our land,
    Bacchus, all flushed with wine,
    With clamor loud and long,
    Wandering with Maenads wild,
    Flashing with blazing torch,
Draw near against the God whom all the Gods disown.

OEDIPUS.

Thou prayest, and for thy prayers, if thou wilt hear
My words, and treat the dire disease with skill,
Thou shalt find help and respite from thy pain,—
My words, which I, a stranger to report,
A stranger to the deed, will now declare:
For I myself should fail to track it far,

κάτοιδεν ἀνδρὸς ἐκ τίνος διώλετο,
τοῦτον κελεύω πάντα σημαίνειν ἐμοί·
κεἰ μὲν φοβεῖται, τοὐπίκλημ' ὑπεξελὼν
αὐτὸς καθ' αὑτοῦ. πείσεται γὰρ ἄλλο μὲν
ἀστεργὲς οὐδέν, γῆς δ' ἄπεισιν ἀσφαλής·
εἰ δ' αὖ τις ἄλλον οἶδεν ἐξ ἄλλης χθονὸς
τὸν αὐτόχειρα, μὴ σιωπάτω· τὸ γὰρ
κέρδος τελῶ 'γὼ χἠ χάρις προσκείσεται.
εἰ δ' αὖ σιωπήσεσθε, καί τις ἢ φίλου
δείσας ἀπώσει τοὔπος ἢ χαὐτοῦ τόδε,
ἁκ τῶνδε δράσω, ταῦτα χρὴ κλύειν ἐμοῦ.
τὸν ἄνδρ' ἀπαυδῶ τοῦτον, ὅστις ἐστί, γῆς
τῆσδ', ἧς ἐγὼ κράτη τε καὶ θρόνους νέμω,
μήτ' ἐσδέχεσθαι μήτε προσφωνεῖν τινα,
μήτ' ἐν θεῶν εὐχαῖσι μήτε θύμασιν
κοινὸν ποιεῖσθαι, μήτε χέρνιβος νέμειν·
ὠθεῖν δ' ἀπ' οἴκων πάντας, ὡς μιάσματος
τοῦδ' ἡμὶν ὄντος, ὡς τὸ Πυθικὸν θεοῦ
μαντεῖον ἐξέφηνεν ἀρτίως ἐμοί.
ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν τοιόσδε τῷ τε δαίμονι
τῷ τ' ἀνδρὶ τῷ θανόντι σύμμαχος πέλω·
κατεύχομαι δὲ τὸν δεδρακότ', εἴτε τις
εἷς ὢν λέληθεν εἴτε πλειόνων μέτα,
κακὸν κακῶς νιν ἄμορον ἐκτρῖψαι βίον.
ἐπεύχομαι δ', οἴκοισιν εἰ ξυνέστιος
ἐν τοῖς ἐμοῖς γένοιτ' ἐμοῦ συνειδότος,
παθεῖν ἅπερ τοῖσδ' ἀρτίως ἠρασάμην.
ὑμῖν δὲ ταῦτα πάντ' ἐπισκήπτω τελεῖν,

Finding no trace to guide my steps aright.
But now, as I have joined you since the deed,
A citizen with citizens, I speak
To all the sons of Cadmus. Lives there one
Who knows of Laïus, son of Labdacus,
The hand that slew him; him I bid to tell
His tale to me; and should it chance he shrinks
From raking up the charge against himself,
Still let him speak; no heavier doom is his
Than to depart uninjured from the land;
Or, if there be that knows an alien arm
As guilty, let him hold his peace no more;
I will secure his gain and thanks beside.
But if ye hold your peace, if one through fear,
Or for himself, or friend, shall hide this thing,
What then I purpose let him hear from me.
That man I banish, whosoe'er he be,
From out this land whose power and throne are mine;
And none may give him shelter, none speak to him,
Nor join with him in prayers and sacrifice,
Nor give him share in holy lustral stream;
But all shall thrust him from their homes, declared
Our curse and our pollution, as but now
The Pythian God's prophetic word has shown:
With acts like this, I stand before you here,
A helper to the God and to the dead.
All this I charge you do, for mine own sake,

ὑπέρ τ' ἐμαυτοῦ, τοῦ θεοῦ τε, τῆσδέ τε
γῆς ὧδ' ἀκάρπως κἀθέως ἐφθαρμένης.
οὐδ' εἰ γὰρ ἦν τὸ πρᾶγμα μὴ θεήλατον,
ἀκάθαρτον ὑμᾶς εἰκὸς ἦν οὕτως ἐᾶν,
ἀνδρός γ' ἀρίστου βασιλέως τ' ὀλωλότος,
ἀλλ' ἐξερευνᾶν· νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ κυρῶ γ' ἐγὼ
ἔχων μὲν ἀρχάς, ἃς ἐκεῖνος εἶχε πρίν,
ἔχων δὲ λέκτρα καὶ γυναῖχ' ὁμόσπορον,
κοινῶν τε παίδων κοίν' ἄν, εἰ κείνῳ γένος
μὴ 'δυστύχησεν, ἦν ἂν ἐκπεφυκότα,
νῦν δ' ἐς τὸ κείνου κρᾶτ' ἐνήλαθ' ἡ τύχη·
ἀνθ' ὧν ἐγὼ τάδ', ὡσπερεὶ τοὐμοῦ πατρός,
ὑπερμαχοῦμαι κἀπὶ πάντ' ἀφίξομαι,
ζητῶν τὸν αὐτόχειρα τοῦ φόνου λαβεῖν
τῷ Λαβδακείῳ παιδὶ Πολυδώρου τε καὶ
τοῦ πρόσθε Κάδμου τοῦ πάλαι τ' Ἀγήνορος·
καὶ ταῦτα τοῖς μὴ δρῶσιν εὔχομαι θεοὺς
μήτ' ἄροτον αὐτοῖς γῆς ἀνιέναι τινὰ
μήτ' οὖν γυναικῶν παῖδας, ἀλλὰ τῷ πότμῳ
τῷ νῦν φθερεῖσθαι κἄτι τοῦδ' ἐχθίονι·
ὑμῖν δὲ τοῖς ἄλλοισι Καδμείοις, ὅσοις
τάδ' ἔστ' ἀρέσκονθ', ἥ τε σύμμαχος Δίκη
χοἰ πάντες εὖ ξυνεῖεν εἰσαεὶ θεοί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ὥσπερ μ' ἀραῖον ἔλαβες, ὧδ', ἄναξ, ἐρῶ.
οὔτ' ἔκτανον γὰρ οὔτε τὸν κτανόντ' ἔχω
δεῖξαι. τὸ δὲ ζήτημα τοῦ πέμψαντος ἦν
Φοίβου τόδ' εἰπεῖν, ὅστις εἴργασταί ποτε.

And for the God's, and for this land that pines
Barren and god-deserted. Wrong 'twould be
E'en if no voice from heaven had urged us on,
That ye should leave the stain of guilt uncleansed,
Your noblest chief, your king himself, being slain.
Yea, rather, seek and find. And since I reign,
Wielding the might his hand did wield before,
Filling his couch, and calling his wife mine,
Yea, and our offspring too, but for the fate
That fell on his, had grown in brotherhood;
But now an evil chance on his head swooped;
And therefore will I strive my best for him,
As for my father, and will go all lengths
To seek and find the murderer, him who slew
The son of Labdacus, and Polydore,
And earlier Cadmus, and Agenor old;
And for all those who hearken not, I pray
The Gods to give them neither fruit of earth,
Nor seed of woman, but consume their lives
With this dire plague, or evil worse than this.
And for the man who did the guilty deed,
Whether alone he lurks, or leagued with more,
I pray that he may waste his life away,
For vile deeds vilely dying; and for me,
If in my house, I knowing it, he dwells,
May every curse I spake on my head fall.
And you, the rest, the men from Cadmus sprung,
To whom these words approve themselves as good,
May righteousness befriend you, and the Gods,
In full accord, dwell with you evermore.

CHORUS.

Since thou hast bound me by a curse, O king,
I will speak thus. I neither slew the man,
Nor know who slew. To say who did the deed
Is quest for Him who sent us on the search.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

δίκαι' ἔλεξας· ἀλλ' ἀναγκάσαι θεοὺς
ἃν μὴ θέλωσιν οὐδ' ἂν εἷς δύναιτ' ἀνήρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

τὰ δεύτερ' ἐκ τῶνδ' ἂν λέγοιμ' ἁμοὶ δοκεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

εἰ καὶ τρίτ' ἔστι, μὴ παρῇς τὸ μὴ οὐ φράσαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἄνακτ' ἄνακτι ταὔθ' ὁρῶντ' ἐπίσταμαι
μάλιστα Φοίβῳ Τειρεσίαν, παρ' οὗ τις ἂν
σκοπῶν τάδ', ὦναξ, ἐκμάθοι σαφέστατα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐν ἀργοῖς οὐδὲ τοῦτ' ἐπραξάμην.
ἔπεμψα γὰρ Κρέοντος εἰπόντος διπλοῦς
πομπούς· πάλαι δὲ μὴ παρὼν θαυμάζεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

καὶ μὴν τά γ' ἄλλα κωφὰ καὶ παλαί' ἔπη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τὰ ποῖα ταῦτα; πάντα γὰρ σκοπῶ λόγον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

θανεῖν ἐλέχθη πρός τινων ὁδοιπόρων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἤκουσα κἀγώ· τὸν δ' ἰδόντ' οὐδεὶς ὁρᾷ.

OEDIPUS.

Right well thou speak'st, but man's best strength must fail
To force the Gods to do the things they will not.

CHORUS.

Fain would I speak the thoughts that second stand.

OEDIPUS.

Though there be third, shrink not from speaking out.

CHORUS.

One man I know, a prince, whose insight deep
Sees clear as princely Phoebus, and from him,
Teiresias, one might learn, O king, the truth.

OEDIPUS.

That too is done. No loiterer I in this,
For I, on Creon's hint, two couriers sent
To summon him, and wonder that he comes not.

CHORUS.

Old rumors are there also, dark and dumb.

OEDIPUS.

And what are they? I weigh the slightest word.

CHORUS.

'Twas said he died by some chance traveller's hand.

OEDIPUS.

I, too, heard that. But none the eye-witness sees.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἀλλ' εἴ τι μὲν δὴ δειμάτων ἔχει μέρος,
τὰς σὰς ἀκούων οὐ μενεῖ τοιάσδ' ἀράς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ᾧ μή 'στι δρῶντι τάρβος, οὐδ' ἔπος φοβεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἀλλ' οὐξελέγχων αὐτὸν ἔστιν· οἵδε γὰρ
τὸν θεῖον ἤδη μάντιν ὧδ' ἄγουσιν, ᾧ
τἀληθὲς ἐμπέφυκεν ἀνθρώπων μόνῳ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὦ πάντα νωμῶν Τειρεσία, διδακτά τε
ἄρρητά τ', οὐράνιά τε καὶ χθονοστιβῆ, [*Introit* TIRESIAS.
πόλιν μέν, εἰ καὶ μὴ βλέπεις, φρονεῖς δ' ὅμως
οἵᾳ νόσῳ σύνεστιν· ἧς σὲ προστάτην
σωτῆρά τ', ὦναξ, μοῦνον ἐξευρίσκομεν.
Φοῖβος γάρ, εἰ καὶ μὴ κλύεις τῶν ἀγγέλων,
πέμψασιν ἡμῖν ἀντέπεμψεν, ἔκλυσιν
μόνην ἂν ἐλθεῖν τοῦδε τοῦ νοσήματος,
εἰ τοὺς κτανόντας Λάϊον μαθόντες εὖ
κτείναιμεν, ἢ γῆς φυγάδας ἐκπεμψαίμεθα.
σὺ δ' οὖν φθονήσας μήτ' ἀπ' οἰωνῶν φάτιν
μήτ' εἴ τιν' ἄλλην μαντικῆς ἔχεις ὁδόν,
ῥῦσαι σεαυτὸν καὶ πόλιν, ῥῦσαι δ' ἐμέ,
ῥῦσαι δὲ πᾶν μίασμα τοῦ τεθνηκότος.
ἐν σοὶ γὰρ ἐσμέν· ἄνδρα δ' ὠφελεῖν ἀφ' ὧν
ἔχοι τε καὶ δύναιτο κάλλιστος πόνων.

CHORUS.

If yet his soul be capable of awe,
Hearing thy curses, he will shrink from them.

OEDIPUS.

Words fright not him, who doing, knows no fear.

CHORUS.

Well, here is one who'll put him to the proof.
For lo! they bring the seer inspired of God,
With whom alone, of all men, truth abides.

Enter TEIRESIAS *at the right, blind, and guided by a boy.*

OEDIPUS.

Teiresias! thou whose mind embraceth all,
Told or untold, of heaven or paths of earth;
Thou knowest, although thou see'st not, what a pest
Dwells on us, and we find in thee, O prince,
Our one deliverer, yea, our only help.
For Phoebus (if the couriers told thee not)
Sent back this word to us, who sent to ask,
That this one way was open to escape
From this fell plague, — if those who Laïus slew,
We in our turn discovering should slay,
Or drive them forth as exiles from the land.
Thou, therefore, grudge not either sign from birds,
Or any other path of prophecy;
But save the city, save thyself, save me;
Save from the curse the dead has left behind;
On thee we hang. To use our means, our power,
In doing good, is noblest service owned.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

φεῦ φεῦ, φρονεῖν ὡς δεινὸν ἔνθα μὴ τέλη
λύῃ φρονοῦντι. ταῦτα γὰρ καλῶς ἐγὼ
εἰδὼς διώλεσ'· οὐ γὰρ ἂν δεῦρ' ἱκόμην.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τί δ' ἔστιν; ὡς ἄθυμος εἰσελήλυθας.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

ἄφες μ' ἐς οἴκους· ῥᾷστα γὰρ τὸ σόν τε σὺ
κἀγὼ διοίσω τοὐμόν, ἢν ἐμοὶ πίθῃ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὔτ' ἔννομ' εἶπας οὔτε προσφιλῆ πόλει
τῇδ', ἥ σ' ἔθρεψε, τήνδ' ἀποστερῶν φάτιν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

ὁρῶ γὰρ οὐδὲ σοὶ τὸ σὸν φώνημ' ἰὸν
πρὸς καιρόν· ὡς οὖν μηδ' ἐγὼ ταὐτὸν πάθω —

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν φρονῶν γ' ἀποστραφῇς, ἐπεὶ
πάντες σε προσκυνοῦμεν οἵδ' ἱκτήριοι.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

πάντες γὰρ οὐ φρονεῖτ'. ἐγὼ δ' οὐ μή ποτε
τἄμ' ὡς ἂν εἴπω μὴ τὰ σ' ἐκφήνω κακά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τί φής; ξυνειδὼς οὐ φράσεις, ἀλλ' ἐννοεῖς
ἡμᾶς προδοῦναι καὶ καταφθεῖραι πόλιν;

TEIRESIAS.

Ah me! ah me! how dread is wisdom's gift
When no good issue waiteth on the wise!
I knew it all too well, and then forgot,
Or else I had not on this journey come.

OEDIPUS.

What means this? How despondingly thou com'st!

TEIRESIAS.

Let me go home! for thus thy lot shalt thou,
And I mine own, bear easiest, if thou yield.

OEDIPUS.

No loyal words thou speak'st, nor true to Thebes
Who reared thee, holding back this oracle.

TEIRESIAS.

I see thy lips speak words that profit not:
And lest I too a like fault should commit —

OEDIPUS.

Now, by the Gods, unless thy reason fails,
Refuse us not, who all implore thy help.

TEIRESIAS.

Ah! Reason fails you all, but ne'er will I
Say what thou bidd'st, lest I thy troubles show.

OEDIPUS.

What mean'st thou, then? Thou know'st and wilt not tell,
But wilt betray us, and the state destroy?

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

ἐγὼ οὔτ' ἐμαυτὸν οὔτε σ' ἀλγυνῶ. τί ταῦτ'
ἄλλως ἐλέγχεις; οὐ γὰρ ἂν πύθοιό μου.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὐκ, ὦ κακῶν κάκιστε, καὶ γὰρ ἂν πέτρου
φύσιν σύ γ' ὀργάνειας, ἐξερεῖς ποτε,
ἀλλ' ὧδ' ἄτεγκτος κἀτελεύτητος φανεῖ;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

ὀργὴν ἐμέμψω τὴν ἐμήν, τὴν σὴν δ' ὁμοῦ
ναίουσαν οὐ κατεῖδες, ἀλλ' ἐμὲ ψέγεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τίς γὰρ τοιαῦτ' ἂν οὐκ ἂν ὀργίζοιτ' ἔπη
κλύων, ἃ νῦν σὺ τήνδ' ἀτιμάζεις πόλιν;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

ἥξει γὰρ αὐτά, κἂν ἐγὼ σιγῇ στέγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὐκοῦν ἅ γ' ἥξει καὶ σὲ χρὴ λέγειν ἐμοί.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

οὐκ ἂν πέρα φράσαιμι. πρὸς τάδ', εἰ θέλεις,
θυμοῦ δι' ὀργῆς ἥτις ἀγριωτάτη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

καὶ μὴν παρήσω γ' οὐδέν, ὡς ὀργῆς ἔχω,
ἅπερ ξυνίημ'. ἴσθι γὰρ δοκῶν ἐμοὶ
καὶ ξυμφυτεῦσαι τοὔργον, εἰργάσθαι θ', ὅσον
μὴ χερσὶ καίνων· εἰ δ' ἐτύγχανες βλέπων,
καὶ τοὔργον ἂν σοῦ τοῦτ' ἔφην εἶναι μόνου.

TEIRESIAS.

I will not pain myself nor thee. Why, then,
All vainly question? Thou shalt never know.

OEDIPUS.

Oh, basest of the base! (for thou would'st stir
A heart of stone) and wilt thou never tell,
But still abide relentless and unmoved?

TEIRESIAS.

My mood thou blamest, but thou dost not know
What dwelleth with thee while thou chidest me.

OEDIPUS.

And who would not feel anger, hearing words
Like those with which thou dost the state insult?

TEIRESIAS.

Well! come they will, though I should hold my peace.

OEDIPUS.

If come they must, thy duty is to speak.

TEIRESIAS.

I speak no more. So, if thou wilt, rage on,
With every mood of wrath most desperate.

OEDIPUS.

Yes; I will not refrain, so fierce my wrath,
From speaking all my thought. I think that thou
Did'st plot the deed, and do it, though the blow
Thy hands, it may be, dealt not. Had'st thou seen,
I would have said it was thy deed alone.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

ἄληθες ; ἐννέπω δὲ τῷ κηρύγματι
ᾧπερ προεῖπας ἐμμένειν, κἀφ' ἡμέρας
τῆς νῦν προσαυδᾶν μήτε τούσδε μήτ' ἐμέ,
ὡς ὄντι γῆς τῆσδ' ἀνοσίῳ μιάστορι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὕτως ἀναιδῶς ἐξεκίνησας τόδε
τὸ ῥῆμα ; καὶ ποῦ τοῦτο φεύξεσθαι δοκεῖς ;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

πέφευγα· τἀληθὲς γὰρ ἰσχῦον τρέφω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πρὸς τοῦ διδαχθείς ; οὐ γὰρ ἔκ γε τῆς τέχνης.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

πρὸς σοῦ· σὺ γάρ μ' ἄκοντα προὐτρέψω λέγειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ποῖον λόγον ; λέγ' αὖθις, ὡς μᾶλλον μάθω.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

οὐχὶ ξυνῆκας πρόσθεν ; ἢ 'κπειρᾷ λόγῳ ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὐχ ὥστε γ' εἰπεῖν γνωστόν· ἀλλ' αὖθις φράσον.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

φονέα σέ φημι τἀνδρὸς οὗ ζητεῖς κυρεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλ' οὔ τι χαίρων δίς γε πημονὰς ἐρεῖς.

TEIRESIAS.

And has it come to this? I charge thee, hold
To thy late edict, and from this day forth
Speak not to me, nor yet to these, for thou,
Thou art the accursèd plague-spot of the land.

OEDIPUS.

Art thou so shameless as to vent such words,
And dost thou think to 'scape scot-free for this?

TEIRESIAS.

I have escaped. The strength of truth is mine.

OEDIPUS.

Who prompted thee? This comes not from thine art.

TEIRESIAS.

'Twas thou. Thou mad'st me speak against my will.

OEDIPUS.

What say'st thou? Speak again, that I may know.

TEIRESIAS.

Did'st thou not know before? Or dost thou try me?

OEDIPUS.

I could not say I knew it. Speak again.

TEIRESIAS.

I say thou art the murderer whom thou seek'st.

OEDIPUS.

Thou shalt not twice revile, and go unharmed.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

εἴπω τι δῆτα κἄλλ᾽, ἵν᾽ ὀργίζῃ πλέον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὅσον γε χρῄζεις· ὡς μάτην εἰρήσεται.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

λεληθέναι σέ φημι σὺν τοῖς φιλτάτοις
αἴσχισθ᾽ ὁμιλοῦντ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ὁρᾶν ἵν᾽ εἶ κακοῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἦ καὶ γεγηθὼς ταῦτ᾽ ἀεὶ λέξειν δοκεῖς;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

εἴπερ τί γ᾽ ἔστι τῆς ἀληθείας σθένος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλ᾽ ἔστι, πλὴν σοί· σοὶ δὲ τοῦτ᾽ οὐκ ἔστ᾽, ἐπεὶ
τυφλὸς τά τ᾽ ὦτα τόν τε νοῦν τά τ᾽ ὄμματ᾽ εἶ.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

σὺ δ᾽ ἄθλιός γε ταῦτ᾽ ὀνειδίζων, ἃ σοὶ
οὐδεὶς ὃς οὐχὶ τῶνδ᾽ ὀνειδιεῖ τάχα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

μιᾶς τρέφει πρὸς νυκτός, ὥστε μήτ᾽ ἐμὲ
μήτ᾽ ἄλλον, ὅστις φῶς ὁρᾷ, βλάψαι ποτ᾽ ἄν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

οὐ γάρ σε μοῖρα πρός γ᾽ ἐμοῦ πεσεῖν, ἐπεὶ
ἱκανὸς Ἀπόλλων, ᾧ τάδ᾽ ἐκπρᾶξαι μέλει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

Κρέοντος, ἢ σοῦ ταῦτα τἀξευρήματα;

TEIRESIAS.

And shall I tell thee more to stir thy rage?

OEDIPUS.

Say what thou pleasest. 'Twill be said in vain.

TEIRESIAS.

I say that thou, in vilest intercourse
With those that dearest are, dost blindly live,
Nor see'st the depth of evil thou hast reached.

OEDIPUS.

And dost thou think to say these things unscathed?

TEIRESIAS.

I doubt it not, such might there is in truth.

OEDIPUS.

That might is not for thee; thou can'st not claim it,
Blind in thine ears, thy reason, and thine eyes.

TEIRESIAS.

How wretched thou, thus hurling this reproach!
Such, all too soon, will all men hurl at thee.

OEDIPUS.

In one long night thou liv'st, and can'st not hurt,
Or me, or any man who sees the light.

TEIRESIAS.

'Tis not thy doom to owe thy fall to me;
Apollo is enough, be His the task.

OEDIPUS.

Are these devices Creon's, or thine own?

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

Κρέων δέ σοι πῆμ' οὐδέν, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς σὺ σοί.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὦ πλοῦτε καὶ τυραννὶ καὶ τέχνη τέχνης
ὑπερφέρουσα τῷ πολυζήλῳ βίῳ,
ὅσος παρ' ὑμῖν ὁ φθόνος φυλάσσεται,
εἰ τῆσδέ γ' ἀρχῆς οὕνεχ', ἣν ἐμοὶ πόλις
δωρητόν, οὐκ αἰτητόν, εἰσεχείρισεν,
ταύτης Κρέων ὁ πιστός, οὐξ ἀρχῆς φίλος,
λάθρα μ' ὑπελθὼν ἐκβαλεῖν ἱμείρεται,
ὑφεὶς μάγον τοιόνδε μηχανορράφον,
δόλιον ἀγύρτην, ὅστις ἐν τοῖς κέρδεσιν
μόνον δέδορκε, τὴν τέχνην δ' ἔφυ τυφλός.
ἐπεί, φέρ' εἰπέ, ποῦ σὺ μάντις εἶ σαφής;
πῶς οὐχ, ὅθ' ἡ ῥαψῳδὸς ἐνθάδ' ἦν κύων,
ηὔδας τι τοῖσδ' ἀστοῖσιν ἐκλυτήριον;
καίτοι τό γ' αἴνιγμ' οὐχὶ τοὐπιόντος ἦν
ἀνδρὸς διειπεῖν, ἀλλὰ μαντείας ἔδει·
ἣν οὔτ' ἀπ' οἰωνῶν σὺ προυφάνης ἔχων
οὔτ' ἐκ θεῶν του γνωτόν· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ μολών,
ὁ μηδὲν εἰδὼς Οἰδίπους, ἔπαυσά νιν,
γνώμῃ κυρήσας οὐδ' ἀπ' οἰωνῶν μαθών·
ὃν δὴ σὺ πειρᾷς ἐκβαλεῖν, δοκῶν θρόνοις
παραστατήσειν τοῖς Κρεοντείοις πέλας.
κλαίων δοκεῖς μοι καὶ σὺ χὠ συνθεὶς τάδε
ἀγηλατήσειν· εἰ δὲ μὴ 'δόκεις γέρων
εἶναι, παθὼν ἔγνως ἂν οἷά περ φρονεῖς.

TEIRESIAS.

It is not Creon harms thee, but thyself.

OEDIPUS.

O wealth, and sovereignty, and noblest skill
Surpassing skill in life so envy-fraught,
How great the ill-will dogging all your steps!
If for the sake of kingship, which the state
Hath given, unasked for, freely in mine hands,
Creon the faithful, found my friend throughout,
Now seeks with masked attack to drive me forth.
And hires this wizard, plotter of foul schemes,
A vagrant mountebank, whose sight is clear
For pay alone, but in his art stone-blind.
Is it not so? When wast thou true seer found?
Why, when the monster with her song was here,
Spak'st thou no word our countrymen to help?
And yet the riddle lay above the ken
Of common men, and called for prophet's skill.
And this thou show'dst thou had'st not, nor by bird,
Nor any God made known; but then I came,
I, Oedipus, who nothing know, and slew her,
With mine own counsel winning, all untaught
By flight of birds. And now thou would'st expel me,
And think'st to take thy stand by Creon's throne.
But, as I think, both thou and he that plans
With thee, will hunt this mischief to your cost;
And but that I must think of thee as old,
Thou had'st learnt wisdom, suffering what thou plann'st.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἡμῖν μὲν εἰκάζουσι καὶ τὰ τοῦδ᾽ ἔπη
ὀργῇ λελέχθαι καὶ τὰ σ᾽, Οἰδίπου, δοκεῖ.
δεῖ δ᾽ οὐ τοιούτων, ἀλλ᾽ ὅπως τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ
μαντεῖ᾽ ἄριστα λύσομεν, τόδε σκοπεῖν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

εἰ καὶ τυραννεῖς, ἐξισωτέον τὸ γοῦν
ἴσ᾽ ἀντιλέξαι· τοῦδε γὰρ κἀγὼ κρατῶ.
οὐ γάρ τι σοὶ ζῶ δοῦλος, ἀλλὰ Λοξίᾳ·
ὥστ᾽ οὐ Κρέοντος προστάτου γεγράψομαι.
λέγω δ᾽, ἐπειδὴ καὶ τυφλόν μ᾽ ὠνείδισας,
σὺ καὶ δέδορκας κοὐ βλέπεις ἵν᾽ εἶ κακοῦ,
οὐδ᾽ ἔνθα ναίεις, οὐδ᾽ ὅτων οἰκεῖς μέτα,
—ἆρ᾽ οἶσθ᾽ ἀφ᾽ ὧν εἶ;—καὶ λέληθας ἐχθρὸς ὢν
τοῖς σοῖσιν αὐτοῦ νέρθε κἀπὶ γῆς ἄνω,
καί σ᾽ ἀμφιπλὴξ μητρός τε καὶ τοῦ σοῦ πατρὸς
ἐλᾷ ποτ᾽ ἐκ γῆς τῆσδε δεινόπους ἀρά,
βλέποντα νῦν μὲν ὄρθ᾽, ἔπειτα δὲ σκότον.
βοῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς ποῖος οὐκ ἔσται λιμήν,
ποῖος Κιθαιρὼν οὐχὶ σύμφωνος τάχα,
ὅταν καταίσθῃ τὸν ὑμέναιον, ὃν δόμοις
ἄνορμον εἰσέπλευσας, εὐπλοίας τυχών;
ἄλλων δὲ πλῆθος οὐκ ἐπαισθάνει κακῶν,
ἅ σ᾽ ἐξισώσει σοί τε καὶ τοῖς σοῖς τέκνοις.
πρὸς ταῦτα καὶ Κρέοντα καὶ τοὐμὸν στόμα
προπηλάκιζε. σοῦ γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν βροτῶν
κάκιον ὅστις ἐκτριβήσεταί ποτε.

CHORUS.

Far as we dare to guess, we think his words,
And thine, O Oedipus, in wrath are said.
Not such as these we need, but this to see,
How best to solve the God's great oracles.

TEIRESIAS.

King though thou be, I claim an equal right
To make reply. That power, at least, is mine:
For I am not thy slave, but Loxias';
Nor shall I stand on Creon's patronage:
And this I say, since thou my blindness mock'st,
That thou, though seeing, failest to perceive
Thy evil plight, nor where thou liv'st, nor yet
With whom thou dwellest. Know'st thou even this,
Whence thou art sprung? All ignorant thou sinn'st
Against thine own, beneath, and on the earth:
And soon a two-edged Curse from sire and mother,
With foot of fear, shall chase thee forth from us,
Now seeing all things clear, then all things dark.
And will not then each creek repeat thy wail,
Each valley of Cithaeron echoing ring,
When thou discern'st the marriage, fatal port,
To which thy prosp'rous voyage brought thy bark?
And other ills, in countless multitude,
Thou see'st not yet, shall make thy lot as one
With sire's and child's. Vent forth thy wrath then loud,
On Creon and my speech. There lives not man
Whose life shall waste more wretchedly than thine.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἦ ταῦτα δῆτ' ἀνεκτὰ πρὸς τούτου κλύειν;
οὐκ εἰς ὄλεθρον; οὐχὶ θᾶσσον; οὐ πάλιν
ἄψορρος οἴκων τῶνδ' ἀποστραφεὶς ἄπει;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

οὐδ' ἱκόμην ἔγωγ' ἄν, εἰ σὺ μὴ 'κάλεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὐ γάρ τί σ' ᾔδη μῶρα φωνήσοντ', ἐπεὶ
σχολῇ σ' ἂν οἴκους τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐστειλάμην.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

ἡμεῖς τοιοίδ' ἔφυμεν, ὡς μὲν σοὶ δοκεῖ,
μῶροι, γονεῦσι δ', οἵ σ' ἔφυσαν, ἔμφρονες.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ποίοισι; μεῖνον. τίς δέ μ' ἐκφύει βροτῶν;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

ἥδ' ἡμέρα φύσει σε καὶ διαφθερεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὡς πάντ' ἄγαν αἰνικτὰ κἀσαφῆ λέγεις.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

οὔκουν σὺ ταῦτ' ἄριστος εὑρίσκειν ἔφυς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τοιαῦτ' ὀνείδιζ', οἷς ἔμ' εὑρήσεις μέγαν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

αὕτη γε μέντοι σ' ἡ τύχη διώλεσεν.

OEDIPUS.

Can this be longer borne! Away with thee!
A curse light on thee! Wilt thou not depart?
Wilt thou not turn and from this house go back?

TEIRESIAS.

I had not come, had'st thou not called me here.

OEDIPUS.

I knew not thou would'st speak so foolishly,
Else I had hardly fetched thee to my house.

TEIRESIAS.

We then, so seems it thee, are fools from birth,
But, unto those who gave thee birth, seem wise.
[*Turns to go.*

OEDIPUS.

What? Stay thy foot. What mortal gave me birth?

TEIRESIAS.

This day shall give thy birth, and work thy doom.

OEDIPUS.

What riddles dark and dim thou lov'st to speak.

TEIRESIAS.

Yes. But thy skill excels in solving such.

OEDIPUS.

Scoff thou at that in which thou'lt find me strong.

TEIRESIAS.

And yet this same success has worked thy fall.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλ' εἰ πόλιν τήνδ' ἐξέσωσ', οὔ μοι μέλει.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

ἄπειμι τοίνυν· καὶ σύ, παῖ, κόμιζέ με.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

κομιζέτω δῆθ'· ὡς παρὼν σύ γ' ἐμποδὼν
ὀχλεῖς, συθείς τ' ἂν οὐκ ἂν ἀλγύναις πλέον.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ.

εἰπὼν ἄπειμ' ὧν οὕνεκ' ἦλθον, οὐ τὸ σὸν
δείσας πρόσωπον· οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπου μ' ὀλεῖς.
λέγω δέ σοι, τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον, ὃν πάλαι
ζητεῖς ἀπειλῶν κἀνακηρύσσων φόνον
τὸν Λαΐειον, οὗτός ἐστιν ἐνθάδε,
ξένος λόγῳ μέτοικος, εἶτα δ' ἐγγενὴς
φανήσεται Θηβαῖος, οὐδ' ἡσθήσεται
τῇ ξυμφορᾷ· τυφλὸς γὰρ ἐκ δεδορκότος
καὶ πτωχὸς ἀντὶ πλουσίου ξένην ἔπι
σκήπτρῳ προδεικνὺς γαῖαν ἐμπορεύσεται.
φανήσεται δὲ παισὶ τοῖς αὑτοῦ ξυνὼν
ἀδελφὸς αὑτὸς καὶ πατήρ, κἀξ ἧς ἔφυ
γυναικὸς υἱὸς καὶ πόσις, καὶ τοῦ πατρὸς
ὁμόσπορός τε καὶ φονεύς. καὶ ταῦτ' ἰὼν
εἴσω λογίζου· κἂν λάβῃς ἐψευσμένον,
φάσκειν ἔμ' ἤδη μαντικῇ μηδὲν φρονεῖν. [*Exeunt.*

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

στρ. ά.

τίς ὅντιν' ἁ θεσπιέπεια Δελφὶς εἶπε πέτρα
ἄρρητ' ἀρρήτων τελέσαντα φοινίαισι χερσίν;

OEDIPUS.

I little care, if I have saved the state.

TEIRESIAS.

Well, then, I go. Do thou, boy, lead me on!

OEDIPUS.

Let him lead on. Most hateful art thou near;
Thou can'st not pain me more when thou art gone.

TEIRESIAS.

I go, then, having said the things I came
To say. No fear of thee compels me. Thine
Is not the power to hurt me. And I say,
This man whom thou dost seek with hue-and-cry,
As murderer of Laïus, he is here,
In show an alien sojourner, but in truth
A homeborn Theban. No delight to him
Will that discovery bring. Blind, having seen,
Poor, having rolled in wealth, — he, with a staff
Feeling his way, to a strange land shall go!
And to his sons shall he be seen at once
Father and brother, and of her who bore him
Husband and son, sharing his father's bed,
His father's murd'rer. Go thou then within
And brood o'er this, and, if thou find'st me fail,
Say that my skill in prophecy is gone.

[OEDIPUS *goes within;* TEIRESIAS *retires to the City.*

CHORUS.

STROPH I.

Who was it that the rock oracular
Of Delphi spake of, working

ὥρα νιν ἀελλάδων
ἵππων σθεναρώτερον
φυγᾷ πόδα νωμᾶν.
ἔνοπλος γὰρ ἐπ' αὐτὸν ἐπενθρώσκει
πυρὶ καὶ στεροπαῖς ὁ Διὸς γενέτας·
δειναὶ δ' ἅμ' ἕπονται Κῆρες ἀναπλάκητοι.

ἀντ. ά.

ἔλαμψε γὰρ τοῦ νιφόεντος ἀρτίως φανεῖσα
φάμα Παρνασοῦ τὸν ἄδηλον ἄνδρα πάντ' ἰχνεύειν.
φοιτᾷ γὰρ ὑπ' ἀγρίαν
ὕλαν ἀνά τ' ἄντρα καὶ
πετραῖος ὁ ταῦρος,
μέλεος μελέῳ ποδὶ χηρεύων,
τὰ μεσόμφαλα γᾶς ἀπονοσφίζων
μαντεῖα· τὰ δ' ἀεὶ ζῶντα περιποτᾶται.

στρ. β΄.

δεινὰ μὲν οὖν, δεινὰ ταράσσει σοφὸς οἰωνοθέτας
οὔτε δοκοῦντ' οὔτ' ἀποφάσκονθ'· ὅ τι λέξω δ' ἀπορῶ.
πέτομαι δ' ἐλπίσιν οὔτ' ἐνθάδ' ὁρῶν οὔτ' ὀπίσω.
τί γὰρ ἢ Λαβδακίδαις
ἢ τῷ Πολύβου νεῖκος ἔκειτ' οὔτε πάροιθέν ποτ' ἔγωγ' οὔτε τανῦν πω
ἔμαθον, πρὸς ὅτου χρησάμενος δὴ βασάνῳ
ἐπὶ τὰν ἐπίδαμον
φάτιν εἶμ' Οἰδιπόδα Λαβδακίδαις ἐπίκουρος ἀδήλων θανάτων.

ἀντ. β΄.

ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν οὖν Ζεὺς ὅ τ' Ἀπόλλων ξυνετοὶ καὶ τὰ βροτῶν

With bloody hands of all dread deeds most dread?
    Time is it now for him,
Swifter than fastest steed to bend his flight;
    For, in full armor clad,
    Upon him darts, with fire
And lightning flash, the radiant Son of Zeus,
    And with Him come in train
    The dread and awful Powers,
The Destinies that fail not of their aim.

ANTISTROPH. I.

For from Parnassus' heights, enwreathed with snow,
    Gleaming, but now there shone
The oracle that bade us, one and all,
    Track the unnamed, unknown;
For, lo! he wanders through the forest wild;
    In caves and over rocks,
    As strays the mountain bull,
In dreary loneliness with dreary tread,
    Seeking in vain to shun
    Dread words from central shrine;
Yet they around him hover, full of life.

STROPH. II.

Fearfully, fearfully the augur moves me,
    Nor answering, ay nor no!
And what to say I know not, but float on,
    And hover still in hopes,
And fail to scan things present or to come.
    For not of old, nor now,
Learnt I what cause of strife at variance set
    The old Labdakid race
With him, the child and heir of Polybus,
    Nor can I test the tale,
And take my stand against the well-earned fame
    Of Oedipus, my lord,
As champions of the old Labdakid race,
    For deaths obscure and dark!

ANTISTROPH. II.

For Zeus and King Apollo, they are wise,
    And know the hearts of men:

εἰδότες· ἀνδρῶν δ' ὅτι μάντις πλέον ἢ 'γὼ φέρεται,
κρίσις οὐκ ἔστιν ἀληθής· σοφίᾳ δ' ἂν σοφίαν
παραμείψειεν ἀνήρ.
ἀλλ' οὔποτ' ἔγωγ' ἄν, πρὶν ἴδοιμ' ὀρθὸν ἔπος, μεμφομένων
ἂν καταφαίην.
φανερὰ γὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ πτερόεσσ' ἦλθε κόρα
ποτέ, καὶ σοφὸς ὤφθη
βασάνῳ θ' ἁδύπολις· τῷ ἀπ' ἐμᾶς φρενὸς οὔποτ' ὀφλήσει
κακίαν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ἄνδρες πολῖται, δείν' ἔπη πεπυσμένος [*Introit.*
κατηγορεῖν μου τὸν τύραννον Οἰδίπουν
πάρειμ' ἀτλητῶν. εἰ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς ξυμφοραῖς
ταῖς νῦν νομίζει πρός γ' ἐμοῦ πεπονθέναι
λόγοισιν εἴτ' ἔργοισιν εἰς βλάβην φέρον,
οὔτοι βίου μοι τοῦ μακραίωνος πόθος,
φέροντι τήνδε βάξιν. οὐ γὰρ εἰς ἁπλοῦν
ἡ ζημία μοι τοῦ λόγου τούτου φέρει,
ἀλλ' ἐς μέγιστον, εἰ κακὸς μὲν ἐν πόλει,
κακὸς δὲ πρὸς σοῦ καὶ φίλων κεκλήσομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἀλλ' ἦλθε μὲν δὴ τοῦτο τοὔνειδος τάχ' ἂν
ὀργῇ βιασθὲν μᾶλλον ἢ γνώμῃ φρενῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

τοῦ πρὸς δ' ἐφάνθη ταῖς ἐμαῖς γνώμαις ὅτι
πεισθεὶς ὁ μάντις τοὺς λόγους ψευδεῖς λέγοι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ηὐδᾶτο μὲν τάδ', οἶδα δ' οὐ γνώμῃ τίνι.

But that a seer excelleth me in skill,
    This is no judgment true;
And one man may another's wisdom pass,
    By wisdom higher still.
I, for my part, before the word is plain,
    Will ne'er assent in blame.
Full clear, the wingèd Maiden-monster came
    Against him, and he proved,
By sharpest test, that he was wise indeed,
    By all the land beloved,
And never, from my heart at least, shall come
    Words that accuse of guilt.

CREON.

[*Enters at the right from the City.*]

I come, ye citizens, as having learnt
Our sovereign, Oedipus, accuses me
Of dreadful things I cannot bear to hear.
For if, in these calamities of ours,
He thinks he suffers wrongly at my hands,
In word or deed, aught tending to his hurt,
I set no value on a life prolonged,
While this reproach hangs on me; for its harm
Affects not slightly, but is direst shame,
If through the town my name as villain rings,
By thee and by my friends a villain called.

CHORUS.

But this reproach, it may be, came from wrath
All hasty, rather than from calm, clear mind.

CREON.

And who informed him that the seer, seduced
By my devices, spoke his lying words?

CHORUS.

The words were said, but with what mind I know not.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ἐξ ὀμμάτων δ' ὀρθῶν τε κἀξ ὀρθῆς φρενὸς
κατηγορεῖτο τοὐπίκλημα τοῦτό μου;

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

οὐκ οἶδ'· ἃ γὰρ δρῶσ' οἱ κρατοῦντες οὐχ ὁρῶ.
αὐτὸς δ' ὅδ' ἤδη δωμάτων ἔξω περᾷ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὗτος σύ, πῶς δεῦρ' ἦλθες; ἦ τοσόνδ' ἔχεις [*Introit.*
τόλμης πρόσωπον ὥστε τὰς ἐμὰς στέγας
ἵκου, φονεὺς ὢν τοῦδε τἀνδρὸς ἐμφανῶς
λῃστής τ' ἐναργὴς τῆς ἐμῆς τυραννίδος;
φέρ' εἰπὲ πρὸς θεῶν, δειλίαν ἢ μωρίαν
ἰδών τιν' ἐν ἐμοὶ ταῦτ' ἐβουλεύσω ποιεῖν;
ἢ τοὔργον ὡς οὐ γνωρίσοιμί σου τόδε
δόλῳ προσέρπον κοὐκ ἀλεξοίμην μαθών;
ἆρ' οὐχὶ μῶρόν ἐστι τοὐγχείρημά σου,
ἄνευ τε πλήθους καὶ φίλων τυραννίδα
θηρᾶν, ὃ πλήθει χρήμασίν θ' ἁλίσκεται;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

οἶσθ' ὡς ποίησον; ἀντὶ τῶν εἰρημένων
ἴσ' ἀντάκουσον, κᾆτα κρῖν' αὐτὸς μαθών.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

λέγειν σὺ δεινός, μανθάνειν δ' ἐγὼ κακὸς
σοῦ· δυσμενῆ γὰρ καὶ βαρύν σ' εὕρηκ' ἐμοί.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

τοῦτ' αὐτὸ νῦν μου πρῶτ' ἄκουσον ὡς ἐρῶ.

CREON.

And was it with calm eyes, and judgment calm,
This charge was brought against my name and fame?

CHORUS.

I cannot say. To what our rulers do
I close my eyes. But here he comes himself.

OEDIPUS.

[*Enters.*]

Ho, there! is't thou? And does thy boldness soar
So shameless as to come beneath my roof,
When thou, 'tis clear, dost plot against my life,
And seek'st to rob me of my sovereignty?
Is it, by all the Gods, that thou hast seen
Or cowardice or folly in my soul,
That thou hast laid thy plans? Or thoughtest thou
That I should neither see thy sinuous wiles,
Nor, knowing, ward them off? This scheme of thine,
Is it not wild, backed nor by force nor friends,
To seek the power which force and wealth must grasp?

CREON.

Dost know what thou wilt do? For words of thine
Hear like words back, and as thou hearest, judge.

OEDIPUS.

Cunning of speech art thou. But I am slow
Of thee to learn, whom I have found my foe.

CREON.

Of this, then, first, hear what I have to speak —

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τοῦτ' αὐτὸ μή μοι φράζ', ὅπως οὐκ εἶ κακός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

εἴ τοι νομίζεις κτῆμα τὴν αὐθαδίαν
εἶναί τι τοῦ νοῦ χωρίς, οὐκ ὀρθῶς φρονεῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

εἴ τοι νομίζεις ἄνδρα συγγενῆ κακῶς
δρῶν οὐχ ὑφέξειν τὴν δίκην, οὐκ εὖ φρονεῖς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ξύμφημί σοι ταῦτ' ἔνδικ' εἰρῆσθαι· τὸ δὲ
πάθημ' ὁποῖον φῄς παθεῖν δίδασκέ με.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἔπειθες, ἢ οὐκ ἔπειθες, ὡς χρείη μ' ἐπὶ
τὸν σεμνόμαντιν ἄνδρα πέμψασθαί τινα;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

καὶ νῦν ἔθ' αὐτός εἰμι τῷ βουλεύματι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πόσον τιν' ἤδη δῆθ' ὁ Λάϊος χρόνον —

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

δέδρακε ποῖον ἔργον; οὐ γὰρ ἐννοῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἄφαντος ἔρρει θανασίμῳ χειρώματι;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

μακροὶ παλαιοί τ' ἂν μετρηθεῖεν χρόνοι.

OEDIPUS.

But this, then, say not, that thou art not vile.

CREON.

If that thou thinkest self-willed pride avails,
Apart from judgment, know thou art not wise.

OEDIPUS.

If that thou think'st, thy kinsman injuring,
To do it unchastised, thou art not wise.

CREON.

In this, I grant, thou speakest right; but tell,
What form of injury hast thou to endure?

OEDIPUS.

Did'st thou, or did'st thou not, thy counsel give,
Some one to send to fetch this reverend seer?

CREON.

And even now by that advice I hold!

OEDIPUS.

How long a time has passed since Laïus chanced —

CREON.

Chanced to do what? I understand not yet.

OEDIPUS.

Since he was smitten with the deadly blow?

CREON.

The years would measure out a long, long tale.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τότ᾽ οὖν ὁ μάντις οὗτος ἦν ἐν τῇ τέχνῃ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

σοφός γ᾽ ὁμοίως κἀξ ἴσου τιμώμενος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἐμνήσατ᾽ οὖν ἐμοῦ τι τῷ τότ᾽ ἐν χρόνῳ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

οὔκουν ἐμοῦ γ᾽ ἑστῶτος οὐδαμοῦ πέλας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλ᾽ οὐκ ἔρευναν τοῦ θανόντος ἔσχετε;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

παρέσχομεν, πῶς δ᾽ οὐχί; κοὐκ ἠκούσαμεν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πῶς οὖν τόθ᾽ οὗτος ὁ σοφὸς οὐκ ηὔδα τάδε;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

οὐκ οἶδ᾽· ἐφ᾽ οἷς γὰρ μὴ φρονῶ σιγᾶν φιλῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τοσόνδε γ᾽ οἶσθα καὶ λέγοις ἂν εὖ φρονῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ποῖον τόδ᾽; εἰ γὰρ οἶδά γ᾽, οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὁθούνεκ᾽, εἰ μὴ σοὶ ξυνῆλθε, τὰς ἐμὰς
οὐκ ἄν ποτ᾽ εἶπε Λαΐου διαφθοράς.

OEDIPUS.

And was this seer then practising his art?

CREON.

Full wise as now, and equal in repute.

OEDIPUS.

Did he at that time say a word of me?

CREON.

Not one, while I, at any rate, was by.

OEDIPUS.

What? Held ye not your quest upon the dead?

CREON.

Of course we held it, but we nothing heard.

OEDIPUS.

How was it he, this wise one, spoke not then?

CREON.

I know not, and, not knowing, hold my peace.

OEDIPUS.

Thy deed thou know'st, and with clear mind could'st speak!

CREON.

What is't? I'll not deny it, if I know.

OEDIPUS.

Were he not leagued with thee he ne'er had talked
Of felon deed by me on Laïus done.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

εἰ μὲν λέγει τάδ᾽, αὐτὸς οἶσθ᾽· ἐγὼ δέ σου
μαθεῖν δικαιῶ ταὔθ᾽ ἅπερ κἀμοῦ σὺ νῦν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἐκμάνθαν᾽· οὐ γὰρ δὴ φονεὺς ἁλώσομαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

τί δῆτ᾽; ἀδελφὴν τὴν ἐμὴν γήμας ἔχεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἄρνησις οὐκ ἔνεστιν ὧν ἀνιστορεῖς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ἄρχεις δ᾽ ἐκείνῃ ταὐτὰ γῆς ἴσον νέμων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἂν ᾖ θέλουσα πάντ᾽ ἐμοῦ κομίζεται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

οὔκουν ἰσοῦμαι σφῷν ἐγὼ δυοῖν τρίτος;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἐνταῦθα γὰρ δὴ καὶ κακὸς φαίνει φίλος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

οὔκ, εἰ διδοίης γ᾽ ὡς ἐγὼ σαυτῷ λόγον.
σκέψαι δὲ τοῦτο πρῶτον, εἴ τιν᾽ ἂν δοκεῖς
ἄρχειν ἑλέσθαι ξὺν φόβοισι μᾶλλον ἢ
ἄτρεστον εὕδοντ᾽, εἰ τά γ᾽ αὔθ᾽ ἕξει κράτη.
ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν οὔτ᾽ αὐτὸς ἱμείρων ἔφυν

CREON.

If he says this, thou know'st it. I of thee
Desire to learn, as thou hast learnt of me.

OEDIPUS.

Learn then; on me no guilt of blood shall rest.

CREON.

Well, then, — my sister? dost thou own her wife?

OEDIPUS.

I cannot meet this question with denial.

CREON.

Rul'st thou this land in equal right with her?

OEDIPUS.

Her every wish she doth from me receive.

CREON.

And am not I co-equal with you twain?

OEDIPUS.

Yes; and just here thou show'st thyself false friend.

CREON.

Not so, if thou would'st reason with thyself,
As I will reason. First reflect on this;
Supposest thou that one would rather choose
To reign with fears than sleep untroubled sleep,
His power being equal? I, for one, prize less

τύραννος εἶναι μᾶλλον ἢ τύραννα δρᾶν,
οὔτ' ἄλλος ὅστις σωφρονεῖν ἐπίσταται.
νῦν μὲν γὰρ ἐκ σοῦ πάντ' ἄνευ φόβου φέρω,
εἰ δ' αὐτὸς ἦρχον, πολλὰ κἂν ἄκων ἔδρων.
πῶς δῆτ' ἐμοὶ τυραννὶς ἡδίων ἔχειν
ἀρχῆς ἀλύπου καὶ δυναστείας ἔφυ;
οὔπω τοσοῦτον ἠπατημένος κυρῶ
ὥστ' ἄλλα χρῄζειν ἢ τὰ σὺν κέρδει καλά.
νῦν πᾶσι χαίρω, νῦν με πᾶς ἀσπάζεται,
νῦν οἱ σέθεν χρῄζοντες ἐκκαλοῦσί με·
τὸ γὰρ τυχεῖν αὐτοῖσι πᾶν ἐνταῦθ' ἔνι.
πῶς δῆτ' ἐγὼ κεῖν' ἂν λάβοιμ' ἀφεὶς τάδε;
οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο νοῦς κακὸς καλῶς φρονῶν.
ἀλλ' οὔτ' ἐραστὴς τῆσδε τῆς γνώμης ἔφυν
οὔτ' ἂν μετ' ἄλλου δρῶντος ἂν τλαίην ποτέ.
καὶ τῶνδ' ἔλεγχον τοῦτο μὲν Πυθώδ' ἰὼν
πεύθου τὰ χρησθέντ', εἰ σαφῶς ἤγγειλά σοι·
τοῦτ' ἄλλ', ἐάν με τῷ τερασκόπῳ λάβῃς
κοινῇ τι βουλεύσαντα, μή μ' ἁπλῇ κτάνῃς
ψήφῳ, διπλῇ δέ, τῇ τ' ἐμῇ καὶ σῇ, λαβών.
γνώμῃ δ' ἀδήλῳ μή με χωρὶς αἰτιῶ.
οὐ γὰρ δίκαιον οὔτε τοὺς κακοὺς μάτην
χρηστοὺς νομίζειν οὔτε τοὺς χρηστοὺς κακούς.
φίλον γὰρ ἐσθλὸν ἐκβαλεῖν ἴσον λέγω
καὶ τὸν παρ' αὑτῷ βίοτον, ὃν πλεῖστον φιλεῖ.
ἀλλ' ἐν χρόνῳ γνώσει τάδ' ἀσφαλῶς, ἐπεὶ
χρόνος δίκαιον ἄνδρα δείκνυσιν μόνος,
κακὸν δὲ κἂν ἐν ἡμέρᾳ γνοίης μιᾷ.

The name of king than deeds of kingly power;
And so would all who learn in wisdom's school.
Now without fear I have what I desire,
At thy hand given. Did I rule, myself,
I might do much unwillingly. Why then
Should sovereignty exert a softer charm,
Than power and might uncheckered by a care?
I am not yet so cheated by myself
As to desire aught else but honest gain.
Now all men hail me, every one salutes,
Now they who seek thy favor court my smiles,
For on this hinge does all their fortune turn.
Why then should I leave this to hunt for that?
My mind, retaining reason, ne'er could act
The villain's part. I was not born to love
Such thoughts, nor join another in the act;
And as a proof of this, go thou thyself,
And ask at Pytho whether I brought back,
In very deed, the oracles I heard.
And if thou find me plotting with the seer,
In common concert, not by one decree,
But two, thine own and mine, put me to death.
But charge me not with crime on shadowy proof;
For neither is it just, in random thought,
The bad to count as good, nor good as bad;
For to thrust out a friend of noble heart
Is like the parting with the life we love.
And this in time thou'lt know, for time alone
Makes manifest the righteous. Of the vile
Thou may'st detect the vileness in a day.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

καλῶς ἔλεξεν εὐλαβουμένῳ πεσεῖν,
ἄναξ· φρονεῖν γὰρ οἱ ταχεῖς οὐκ ἀσφαλεῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὅταν ταχύς τις οὑπιβουλεύων λάθρα
χωρῇ, ταχὺν δεῖ κἀμὲ βουλεύειν πάλιν.
εἰ δ' ἡσυχάζων προσμενῶ, τὰ τοῦδε μὲν
πεπραγμέν' ἔσται, τἀμὰ δ' ἡμαρτημένα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

τί δῆτα χρῄζεις; ἦ με γῆς ἔξω βαλεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἥκιστα· θνήσκειν, οὐ φυγεῖν σε βούλομαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ὅταν προδείξῃς οἷόν ἐστι τὸ φθονεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὡς οὐχ ὑπείξων οὐδὲ πιστεύσων λέγεις;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

οὐ γὰρ φρονοῦντά σ' εὖ βλέπω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τὸ γοῦν ἐμόν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ἀλλ' ἐξ ἴσου δεῖ κἀμόν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλ' ἔφυς κακός.

CHORUS.

To one who fears to fall, his words seem good;
O king, swift counsels are not always safe.

OEDIPUS.

But when a man is swift in wily schemes,
Swift must I be to baffle plot with plot;
And if I stand and wait, he wins the day,
And all my state to rack and ruin goes.

CREON.

What seek'st thou, then? to drive me from the land?

OEDIPUS.

Not so. I seek thy death, not banishment.

CREON.

When thou show'st first what grudge I bear to thee.

OEDIPUS.

And say'st thou this defying, yielding not?

CREON.

I see your mind is gone.

OEDIPUS.

My right I mind.

CREON.

Mine has an equal claim.

OEDIPUS.

Nay, thou art vile.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

εἰ δὲ ξυνίῃς μηδέν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀρκτέον γ' ὅμως.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

οὔτοι κακῶς γ' ἄρχοντος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὦ πόλις πόλις.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

κἀμοὶ πόλεως μέτεστιν, οὐχὶ σοὶ μόνῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

παύσασθ', ἄνακτες· καιρίαν δ' ὑμῖν ὁρῶ
τήνδ' ἐκ δόμων στείχουσαν Ἰοκάστην, μεθ' ἧς
τὸ νῦν παρεστὸς νεῖκος εὖ θέσθαι χρεών.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

τί τὴν ἄβουλον, ὦ ταλαίπωροι, στάσιν [*Introit.*
γλώσσης ἐπήρασθ'; οὐδ' ἐπαισχύνεσθε, γῆς
οὕτω νοσούσης, ἴδια κινοῦντες κακά;
οὐκ εἶ σύ τ' οἴκους σύ τε, Κρέον, κατὰ στέγας,
καὶ μὴ τὸ μηδὲν ἄλγος εἰς μέγ' οἴσετε;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ὅμαιμε, δεινά μ' Οἰδίπους ὁ σὸς πόσις
δρᾶσαι δικαιοῖ, δυοῖν ἀποκρίνας κακοῖν,
ἢ γῆς ἀπῶσαι πατρίδος, ἢ κτεῖναι λαβών—

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ξύμφημι· δρῶντα γάρ νιν, ὦ γύναι, κακῶς
εἴληφα τοὐμὸν σῶμα σὺν τέχνῃ κακῇ.

CREON.

And if thy mind is darkened —?

OEDIPUS.

Still obey!

CREON.

Nay, not a tyrant king.

OEDIPUS.

O country mine!

CREON.

That country, too, is mine, not thine alone.

CHORUS.

Cease, O my princes! In good time I see
Jocasta coming hither from the house;
And it were well with her to hush this brawl.

JOCASTA.

[*Enters.*]

Why, O ye wretched ones, this strife of tongues
Raise ye in your unwisdom, nor are shamed,
Our country suffering, private griefs to stir?
Come thou within; and thou, O Creon, go;
Bring not a trifling sore to mischief great!

CREON.

My sister! Oedipus thy husband claims
The right to do me one of two great wrongs,
To thrust me from my fatherland, or slay me.

OEDIPUS.

'Tis even so, for I have found him, wife,
Against my life his evil wiles devising.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

μή νυν ὀναίμην, ἀλλ' ἀραῖος, εἴ σέ τι
δέδρακ', ὀλοίμην, ὧν ἐπαιτιᾷ με δρᾶν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ὦ πρὸς θεῶν πίστευσον, Οἰδίπους, τάδε,
μάλιστα μὲν τόνδ' ὅρκον αἰδεσθεὶς θεῶν,
ἔπειτα κἀμὲ τούσδε θ' οἳ πάρεισί σοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

στρ.

πιθοῦ θελήσας φρονήσας τ', ἄναξ, λίσσομαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τί σοι θέλεις δῆτ' εἰκάθω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

τὸν οὔτε πρὶν νήπιον νῦν τ' ἐν ὅρκῳ μέγαν καταίδεσαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οἶσθ' οὖν ἃ χρῄζεις;

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

οἶδα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

φράζε δή· τί φῄς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

τὸν ἐναγῆ φίλον μήποτ' ἐν αἰτίᾳ
σὺν ἀφανεῖ λόγῳ σ' ἄτιμον βαλεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

εὖ νυν ἐπίστω, ταῦθ' ὅταν ζητῇς, ἐμοὶ
ζητῶν ὄλεθρον ἢ φυγὴν ἐκ τῆσδε γῆς.

CREON.

May I ne'er prosper, but accursèd die,
If I have done the things he says I did!

JOCASTA.

Oh, by the Gods, believe him, Oedipus!
Respect his oath, which calls the Gods to hear;
And reverence me, and these who stand by thee.

CHORUS.

Hearken, my king! be calmer, I implore!

OEDIPUS.

What wilt thou that I yield?

CHORUS.

Oh, have respect
To one not weak before, who now is strong
In this his oath.

OEDIPUS.

And know'st thou what thou ask'st?

CHORUS.

I know right well.

OEDIPUS.

Say on, then, what thou wilt.

CHORUS.

Hurl not to shame, on grounds of mere mistrust,
The friend on whom no taint of evil hangs.

OEDIPUS.

Know then that, seeking this, thou seek'st, in truth,
To work my death, or else my banishment.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

οὐ τὸν πάντων θεῶν θεὸν πρόμον
Ἅλιον· ἐπεὶ ἄθεος ἄφιλος ὅ τι πύματον
ὀλοίμαν, φρόνησιν εἰ τάνδ᾽ ἔχω.
ἀλλά μοι δυσμόρῳ γᾶ φθινὰς
τρύχει ψυχάν, τάδ᾽ εἰ κακοῖς κακὰ
προσάψει τοῖς πάλαι τὰ πρὸς σφῷν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὁ δ᾽ οὖν ἴτω, κεἰ χρή με παντελῶς θανεῖν,
ἢ γῆς ἄτιμον τῆσδ᾽ ἀπωσθῆναι βίᾳ.
τὸ γὰρ σόν, οὐ τὸ τοῦδ᾽, ἐποικτείρω στόμα
ἐλεινόν· οὗτος δ᾽, ἔνθ᾽ ἂν ᾖ, στυγήσεται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

στυγνὸς μὲν εἴκων δῆλος εἶ, βαρὺς δ᾽, ὅταν
θυμοῦ περάσῃς. αἱ δὲ τοιαῦται φύσεις
αὑταῖς δικαίως εἰσὶν ἄλγισται φέρειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὔκουν μ᾽ ἐάσεις κἀκτὸς εἶ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

πορεύσομαι,
σοῦ μὲν τυχὼν ἀγνῶτος, ἐν δὲ τοῖσδ᾽ ἴσος. [*Exit.*

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἀντ.

γύναι, τί μέλλεις κομίζειν δόμων τόνδ᾽ ἔσω;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

μαθοῦσά γ᾽ ἥτις ἡ τύχη.

CHORUS.

Nay, by the Sun-God, Helios, chief of Gods!
May I, too, die, of God and man accursed,
If I wish aught like this! But on my soul
Our wasting land dwells heavily; ills on ills
Still coming, new upon the heels of old.

OEDIPUS.

Let him depart then, even though I die,
Or from my country be thrust forth in shame:
Thy face, not his, I view with pitying eye;
For him, where'er he be, is nought but hate.

CREON.

Thou 'rt loth to yield, 'twould seem, and wilt be vexed
When this thy wrath is over: moods like thine
Are fitly to themselves most hard to bear.

OEDIPUS.

Wilt thou not go, and leave me?

CREON.

I will go,
By thee misjudged, but known as just by these.

[*Retires to the City.*

CHORUS.

Why, lady, art thou slow to lead him in?

JOCASTA.

I fain would learn how this sad chance arose.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

δόκησις ἀγνὼς λόγων ἦλθε, δάκνει δὲ καὶ τὸ μὴ 'νδικον.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ἀμφοῖν ἀπ' αὐτοῖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ναίχι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

καὶ τίς ἦν λόγος;

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἅλις ἔμοιγ', ἅλις, γᾶς προπονουμένας,
φαίνεται ἔνθ' ἔληξεν αὐτοῦ μένειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὁρᾷς ἵν' ἥκεις, ἀγαθὸς ὢν γνώμην ἀνήρ,
τοὐμὸν παριεὶς καὶ καταμβλύνων κέαρ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἄναξ, εἶπον μὲν οὐχ ἅπαξ μόνον,
ἴσθι δὲ παραφρόνιμον, ἄπορον ἐπὶ φρόνιμα
πεφάνθαι μ' ἄν, εἴ σε νοσφίζομαι,
ὅς τ' ἐμὰν γᾶν φίλαν ἐν πόνοις
σαλεύουσαν κατ' ὀρθὸν οὔρισας,
τανῦν τ' εὔπομπος εἰ γένοιο.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

πρὸς θεῶν δίδαξον κἄμ', ἄναξ, ὅτου ποτὲ
μῆνιν τοσήνδε πράγματος στήσας ἔχεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἐρῶ· σὲ γὰρ τῶνδ' ἐς πλέον, γύναι, σέβω·
Κρέοντος, οἷά μοι βεβουλευκὼς ἔχει.

CHORUS.

Blind haste of speech there was, and wrong will sting.

JOCASTA.

From both of them?

CHORUS.

Yea, both.

JOCASTA.

And what said each?

CHORUS.

Enough for me, enough, our land laid low,
It seems, to leave the quarrel where it stopped.

OEDIPUS.

See'st thou, thou good in counsel, what thou dost,
Slighting my cause, and toning down thy zeal?

CHORUS.

My chief, not once alone I spoke,
Unwise, unapt for wisdom should I seem,
Were I to turn from thee aside,
Who, when my country rocked in storm,
Did'st right her course. Ah! if thou can'st,
Steer her well onward now.

JOCASTA.

Tell me, my king, what cause of fell debate
Has bred this discord, and provoked thy soul.

OEDIPUS.

Thee will I tell, for thee I honor more
Than these. 'Twas Creon and his plots against me.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

λέγ', εἰ σαφῶς τὸ νεῖκος ἐγκαλῶν ἐρεῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

φονέα μέ φησι Λαΐου καθεστάναι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

αὐτὸς ξυνειδώς, ἢ μαθὼν ἄλλου πάρα;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

μάντιν μὲν οὖν κακοῦργον εἰσπέμψας, ἐπεὶ
τό γ' εἰς ἑαυτὸν πᾶν ἐλευθεροῖ στόμα.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

σύ νυν ἀφεὶς σεαυτὸν ὧν λέγεις πέρι
ἐμοῦ 'πάκουσον καὶ μάθ' οὕνεκ' ἐστί σοι
βρότειον οὐδὲν μαντικῆς ἔχον τέχνης.
φανῶ δέ σοι σημεῖα τῶνδε σύντομα.
χρησμὸς γὰρ ἦλθε Λαΐῳ ποτ', οὐκ ἐρῶ
Φοίβου γ' ἀπ' αὐτοῦ, τῶν δ' ὑπηρετῶν ἄπο,
ὡς αὐτὸν ἥξοι μοῖρα πρὸς παιδὸς θανεῖν,
ὅστις γένοιτ' ἐμοῦ τε κἀκείνου πάρα.
καὶ τὸν μέν, ὥσπερ γ' ἡ φάτις, ξένοι ποτὲ
λῃσταὶ φονεύουσ' ἐν τριπλαῖς ἁμαξιτοῖς·
παιδὸς δὲ βλάστας οὐ διέσχον ἡμέραι
τρεῖς, καί νιν ἄρθρα κεῖνος ἐνζεύξας ποδοῖν
ἔρριψεν ἄλλων χερσὶν εἰς ἄβατον ὄρος.
κἀνταῦθ' Ἀπόλλων οὔτ' ἐκεῖνον ἤνυσεν
φονέα γενέσθαι πατρὸς οὔτε Λάϊον,
τὸ δεινὸν οὑφοβεῖτο, πρὸς παιδὸς θανεῖν.

JOCASTA.

Say then, if clearly thou can'st tell the strife.

OEDIPUS.

He says that I am Laïus' murderer.

JOCASTA.

Of his own knowledge, or by some one taught?

OEDIPUS.

A scoundrel seer suborning. For himself,
He takes good care to free his lips from blame.

JOCASTA.

Leave now thyself, and all thy thoughts of this,
And list to me, and learn how little skill
In art prophetic mortal man may claim;
And of this truth I'll give thee one short proof.
There came to Laïus once an oracle
(I say not that it came from Phoebus' self,
But from his servants), that his fate was fixed
By his son's hand to fall — his own and mine;
And him, so rumor runs, a robber band
Of aliens slay, where meet the three great roads.
Nor did three days succeed the infant's birth,
Before, by other hands, he cast him forth,
Piercing his ankles, on a lonely hill.
Here, then, Apollo failed to make the boy
His father's murderer; nor by his son's hands,
Doom that he dreaded, did our Laïus die;

τοιαῦτα φῆμαι μαντικαὶ διώρισαν,
ὧν ἐντρέπου σὺ μηδέν· ὧν γὰρ ἂν θεὸς
χρείαν ἐρευνᾷ ῥᾳδίως αὐτὸς φανεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οἷόν μ' ἀκούσαντ' ἀρτίως ἔχει, γύναι,
ψυχῆς πλάνημα κἀνακίνησις φρενῶν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ποίας μερίμνης τοῦθ' ὑποστραφεὶς λέγεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἔδοξ' ἀκοῦσαι σοῦ τόδ', ὡς ὁ Λάϊος
κατασφαγείη πρὸς τριπλαῖς ἁμαξιτοῖς.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ηὐδᾶτο γὰρ ταῦτ' οὐδέ πω λήξαντ' ἔχει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

καὶ ποῦ 'σθ' ὁ χῶρος οὗτος οὗ τόδ' ἦν πάθος;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

Φωκὶς μὲν ἡ γῆ κλῄζεται, σχιστὴ δ' ὁδὸς
ἐς ταὐτὸ Δελφῶν κἀπὸ Δαυλίας ἄγει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

καὶ τίς χρόνος τοῖσδ' ἐστὶν οὐξεληλυθώς;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

σχεδόν τι πρόσθεν ἢ σὺ τῆσδ' ἔχων χθονὸς
ἀρχὴν ἐφαίνου τοῦτ' ἐκηρύχθη πόλει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί μου δρᾶσαι βεβούλευσαι πέρι;

Such things divining oracles proclaimed;
Therefore regard them not. Whate'er the God
Desires to search He will himself declare.

OEDIPUS.

Ah, as but now I heard thee speak, my queen,
Strange whirl of soul and rush of thoughts o'ercome me.

JOCASTA.

What vexing care bespeaks this sudden change?

OEDIPUS.

I thought I heard thee say that Laïus fell,
Smitten to death, where meet the three great roads.

JOCASTA.

So was it said, and still the rumors hold.

OEDIPUS.

Where was the spot in which this matter passed?

JOCASTA.

They call the country Phocis, and the roads
From Delphi and from Daulia there converge.

OEDIPUS.

And what the interval of time since then?

JOCASTA.

But just before thou camest to possess
And rule this land the tidings reached our city.

OEDIPUS.

Great Zeus! what fate hast thou decreed for me?

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

τί δ' ἐστί σοι τοῦτ', Οἰδίπους, ἐνθύμιον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

μήπω μ' ἐρώτα· τὸν δὲ Λάϊον φύσιν
τίν' εἶχε φράζε, τίνα δ' ἀκμὴν ἥβης ἔχων.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

μέγας, χνοάζων ἄρτι λευκανθὲς κάρα,
μορφῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς οὐκ ἀπεστάτει πολύ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οἴμοι τάλας· ἔοικ' ἐμαυτὸν εἰς ἀρὰς
δεινὰς προβάλλων ἀρτίως οὐκ εἰδέναι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

πῶς φῄς; ὀκνῶ τοι πρὸς σ' ἀποσκοποῦσ', ἄναξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

δεινῶς ἀθυμῶ μὴ βλέπων ὁ μάντις ᾖ.
δείξεις δὲ μᾶλλον, ἢν ἓν ἐξείπῃς ἔτι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

καὶ μὴν ὀκνῶ μέν, ἃ δ' ἂν ἔρῃ μαθοῦσ' ἐρῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πότερον ἐχώρει βαιός, ἢ πολλοὺς ἔχων
ἄνδρας λοχίτας, οἷ' ἀνὴρ ἀρχηγέτης;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

πέντ' ἦσαν οἱ ξύμπαντες, ἐν δ' αὐτοῖσιν ἦν
κῆρυξ· ἀπήνη δ' ἦγε Λάϊον μία.

JOCASTA.

What thought is this, my Oedipus, of thine?

OEDIPUS.

Ask me not yet, but Laïus, — tell of him,
His build, his features, and his years of life.

JOCASTA.

Tall was he, and the white hairs snowed his head,
And in his form not much unlike to thee.

OEDIPUS.

Woe, woe is me! so seems it I have plunged
All blindly into curses terrible.

JOCASTA.

What sayest thou? I fear to look at thee.

OEDIPUS.

I tremble lest the seer has seen indeed:
But thou can'st clear it, answering yet once more.

JOCASTA.

And I too fear, yet what thou ask'st I'll tell.

OEDIPUS.

Went he in humble guise, or with a troop
Of spearmen, as becomes a man that rules?

JOCASTA.

Five were they altogether, and of them
One was a herald, and one chariot bore him.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

αἰαῖ, τάδ' ἤδη διαφανῆ. τίς ἦν ποτε
ὁ τούσδε λέξας τοὺς λόγους ὑμῖν, γύναι;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

οἰκεύς τις, ὅσπερ ἵκετ' ἐκσωθεὶς μόνος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἦ κἀν δόμοισι τυγχάνει τανῦν παρών;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

οὐ δῆτ'· ἀφ' οὗ γὰρ κεῖθεν ἦλθε καὶ κράτη
σέ τ' εἶδ' ἔχοντα Λάϊόν τ' ὀλωλότα,
ἐξικέτευσε τῆς ἐμῆς χειρὸς θιγὼν
ἀγρούς σφε πέμψαι κἀπὶ ποιμνίων νομάς,
ὡς πλεῖστον εἴη τοῦδ' ἄποπτος ἄστεως.
κἄπεμψ' ἐγώ νιν· ἄξιος γὰρ ὥς γ' ἀνὴρ
δοῦλος φέρειν ἦν τῆσδε καὶ μείζω χάριν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πῶς ἂν μόλοι δῆθ' ἡμὶν ἐν τάχει πάλιν;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

πάρεστιν. ἀλλὰ πρὸς τί τοῦτ' ἐφίεσαι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

δέδοικ' ἐμαυτόν, ὦ γύναι, μὴ πόλλ' ἄγαν
εἰρημέν' ᾖ μοι, δι' ἅ νιν εἰσιδεῖν θέλω.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ἀλλ' ἵξεται μέν· ἀξία δέ που μαθεῖν
κἀγὼ τά γ' ἐν σοὶ δυσφόρως ἔχοντ', ἄναξ.

OEDIPUS.

Woe! woe! 'tis all too clear. And who was he
That told these tidings to thee, O my queen?

JOCASTA.

A servant who alone escaped with life.

OEDIPUS.

And does he chance to dwell among us now?

JOCASTA.

Not so; for from the time when he returned,
And found thee bearing sway, and Laïus dead,
He, at my hand, a suppliant, implored
This boon, to send him to the distant fields
To feed his flocks, as far as possible
From this our city. And I sent him forth;
For though a slave, he might have claimed yet more.

OEDIPUS.

Ah! could we fetch him quickly back again!

JOCASTA.

That may well be. But why dost thou wish this?

OEDIPUS.

I fear, O queen, that words best left unsaid
Have passed these lips, and therefore wish to see him.

JOCASTA.

Well, he shall come. But some small claim have I,
O king, to learn what touches thee with woe.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

κοὐ μὴ στερηθῇς γ' ἐς τοσοῦτον ἐλπίδων
ἐμοῦ βεβῶτος. τῷ γὰρ ἂν καὶ μείζονι
λέξαιμ' ἂν ἢ σοὶ διὰ τύχης τοιᾶσδ' ἰών;
ἐμοὶ πατὴρ μὲν Πόλυβος ἦν Κορίνθιος,
μήτηρ δὲ Μερόπη Δωρίς. ἠγόμην δ' ἀνὴρ
ἀστῶν μέγιστος τῶν ἐκεῖ, πρίν μοι τύχη
τοιάδ' ἐπέστη, θαυμάσαι μὲν ἀξία,
σπουδῆς γε μέντοι τῆς ἐμῆς οὐκ ἀξία.
ἀνὴρ γὰρ ἐν δείπνοις μ' ὑπερπλησθεὶς μέθῃ
καλεῖ παρ' οἴνῳ πλαστὸς ὡς εἴην πατρί.
κἀγὼ βαρυνθεὶς τὴν μὲν οὖσαν ἡμέραν
μόλις κατέσχον, θἀτέρᾳ δ' ἰὼν πέλας
μητρὸς πατρός τ' ἤλεγχον· οἱ δὲ δυσφόρως
τοὔνειδος ἦγον τῷ μεθέντι τὸν λόγον.
κἀγὼ τὰ μὲν κείνοιν ἐτερπόμην, ὅμως δ'
ἔκνιζέ μ' ἀεὶ τοῦθ'· ὑφεῖρπε γὰρ πολύ.
λάθρα δὲ μητρὸς καὶ πατρὸς πορεύομαι
Πυθώδε, καί μ' ὁ Φοῖβος ὧν μὲν ἱκόμην
ἄτιμον ἐξέπεμψεν, ἄλλα δ' ἄθλια
καὶ δεινὰ καὶ δύστηνα προυφάνη λέγων,
ὡς μητρὶ μὲν χρείη με μιχθῆναι, γένος δ'
ἄτλητον ἀνθρώποισι δηλώσοιμ' ὁρᾶν,
φονεὺς δ' ἐσοίμην τοῦ φυτεύσαντος πατρός.
κἀγὼ 'πακούσας ταῦτα τὴν Κορινθίαν
ἄστροις τὸ λοιπὸν ἐκμετρούμενος χθόνα
ἔφευγον, ἔνθα μήποτ' ὀψοίμην κακῶν
χρησμῶν ὀνείδη τῶν ἐμῶν τελούμενα.

OEDIPUS.

Thou shalt not fail to learn it, now that I
Have gone so far in bodings. Whom should I
More than to thee tell all the passing chance?
I had a father, Polybus of Corinth,
And Merope of Doris was my mother,
And I was held in honor by the rest
Who dwelt there, till this accident befell,
Worthy of wonder, of the heat unworthy
It roused within me. Thus it chanced: A man
At supper, in his cups, with wine o'ertaken,
Reviles me as a spurious changeling boy;
And I, sore vexèd, hardly for that day
Restrained myself. And when the morrow came
I went and charged my father and my mother
With what I thus had heard. They heaped reproach
On him who stirred the matter, and I soothed
My soul with what they told me; yet it teased,
Still vexing more and more; and so I went,
Unknown to them, to Pytho, and the God
Sent me forth shamed, unanswered in my quest;
And other things He spake, dread, dire, and dark,
That I should join in wedlock with my mother,
Beget a brood that men should loathe to look at,
Be murderer of the father that begot me.
And, hearing this, I straight from Corinth fled,
The stars thenceforth the land-marks of my way,
And fled where never more mine eyes might see
The shame of those dire oracles fulfilled;

στείχων δ' ἱκνοῦμαι τούσδε τοὺς χώρους ἐν οἷς
σὺ τὸν τύραννον τοῦτον ὄλλυσθαι λέγεις.
καί σοι, γύναι, τἀληθὲς ἐξερῶ. τριπλῆς
ὅτ' ἢ κελεύθου τῆσδ' ὁδοιπορῶν πέλας,
ἐνταῦθά μοι κῆρυξ τε κἀπὶ πωλικῆς
ἀνὴρ ἀπήνης ἐμβεβώς, οἷον σὺ φῄς,
ξυνηντίαζον· κἀξ ὁδοῦ μ' ὅ θ' ἡγεμὼν
αὐτός θ' ὁ πρέσβυς πρὸς βίαν ἠλαυνέτην.
κἀγὼ τὸν ἐκτρέποντα, τὸν τροχηλάτην,
παίω δι' ὀργῆς· καί μ' ὁ πρέσβυς ὡς ὁρᾷ,
ὄχου παραστείχοντα τηρήσας μέσον
κάρα διπλοῖς κέντροισί μου καθίκετο.
οὐ μὴν ἴσην γ' ἔτισεν, ἀλλὰ συντόμως
σκήπτρῳ τυπεὶς ἐκ τῆσδε χειρὸς ὕπτιος
μέσης ἀπήνης εὐθὺς ἐκκυλίνδεται·
κτείνω δὲ τοὺς ξύμπαντας. εἰ δὲ τῷ ξένῳ
τούτῳ προσήκει Λαΐῳ τι συγγενές,
τίς τοῦδέ γ' ἀνδρὸς ἔστιν ἀθλιώτερος;
τίς ἐχθροδαίμων μᾶλλον ἂν γένοιτ' ἀνήρ;
ᾧ μὴ ξένων ἔξεστι μηδ' ἀστῶν τινα
δόμοις δέχεσθαι, μηδὲ προσφωνεῖν τινα,
ὠθεῖν δ' ἀπ' οἴκων. καὶ τάδ' οὔτις ἄλλος ἦν
ἢ 'γὼ 'π' ἐμαυτῷ τάσδ' ἀρὰς ὁ προστιθείς.
λέχη δὲ τοῦ θανόντος ἐν χεροῖν ἐμαῖν
χραίνω, δι' ὧνπερ ὤλετ'. ἆρ' ἔφυν κακός;
ἆρ' οὐχὶ πᾶς ἄναγνος, εἴ με χρὴ φυγεῖν,
καί μοι φυγόντι μήστι τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἰδεῖν
μηδ' ἐμβατεύειν πατρίδος, ἢ γάμοις με δεῖ

And as I went I reached the spot where he,
This king, thou tell'st me, met the fatal blow.
And now, O lady, I will tell the truth.
Wending my steps that way where three roads meet,
There met me first a herald, and a man
Like him thou told'st of, riding on his car,
Drawn by young colts. With rough and hasty force
They drove me from the road, — the driver first,
And that old man himself; and then in rage
I strike the driver, who had turned me back.
And when the old man sees it, watching me
As by the chariot-side I passed, he struck
My forehead with a double-pointed goad.
But we were more than quits, for in a trice
With this right hand I struck him with my staff,
And he rolls backward from his chariot's seat.
And then I slay them all. And if it chance
That Laïus and this stranger are akin,
What man more wretched than this man who speaks?
What man more harassed by the vexing Gods?
He whom none now, or alien, or of Thebes,
May welcome to their house, or speak to him,
But thrust him forth an exile. And 'twas I,
None other, who against myself proclaimed
These curses. And the bed of him that died
I with my hands, by which he fell, defile.
Am I not born to evil, all unclean?
If I must flee, yet still in flight my doom
Is never more to see the friends I love,
Nor tread my country's soil; or else to bear

μητρὸς ζυγῆναι καὶ πατέρα κατακτανεῖν
Πόλυβον, ὃς ἐξέφυσε κἀξέθρεψέ με;
ἆρ' οὐκ ἀπ' ὠμοῦ ταῦτα δαίμονός τις ἂν
κρίνων ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ τῷδ' ἂν ὀρθοίη λόγον;
μὴ δῆτα, μὴ δῆτ', ὦ θεῶν ἁγνὸν σέβας,
ἴδοιμι ταύτην ἡμέραν, ἀλλ' ἐκ βροτῶν
βαίην ἄφαντος πρόσθεν ἢ τοιάνδ' ἰδεῖν
κηλῖδ' ἐμαυτῷ συμφορᾶς ἀφιγμένην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἡμῖν μέν, ὦναξ, ταῦτ' ὀκνήρ'· ἕως δ' ἂν οὖν
πρὸς τοῦ παρόντος ἐκμάθῃς, ἔχ' ἐλπίδα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

καὶ μὴν τοσοῦτόν γ' ἐστί μοι τῆς ἐλπίδος,
τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν βοτῆρα προσμεῖναι μόνον.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

πεφασμένου δὲ τίς ποθ' ἡ προθυμία;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἐγὼ διδάξω σ'· ἢν γὰρ εὑρεθῇ λέγων
σοὶ ταὔτ', ἔγωγ' ἂν ἐκπεφευγοίην πάθος.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ποῖον δέ μου περισσὸν ἤκουσας λόγον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

λῃστὰς ἔφασκες αὐτὸν ἄνδρας ἐννέπειν
ὥς νιν κατακτείναιεν. εἰ μὲν οὖν ἔτι
λέξει τὸν αὐτὸν ἀριθμόν, οὐκ ἐγὼ 'κτανον·

The guilt of incest, and my father slay,
Yea, Polybus, who begat and brought me up.
Would not a man say right who said that here
Some cruel God was pressing hard on me?
Not that, not that, at least, thou Presence, pure
And awful, of the Gods; may I ne'er look
On such a day as that, but far away
Depart unseen from all the haunts of men,
Before such great pollution comes on me.

CHORUS.

We, too, O king, are grieved, yet hope thou on,
Till thou hast asked the man who then was by.

OEDIPUS.

And this indeed is all the hope I have,
Waiting until that shepherd-slave appear.

JOCASTA.

And when he comes, what ground for hope is there?

OEDIPUS.

I'll tell thee. Should he now repeat the tale
Thou told'st me, I, at least, stand free from guilt.

JOCASTA.

What special word was that thou heard'st from me?

OEDIPUS.

Thou said'st he told that robbers slew his lord,
And should he give their number as the same
Now as before, it was not I who slew him,

οὐ γὰρ γένοιτ' ἂν εἷς γε τοῖς πολλοῖς ἴσος·
εἰ δ' ἄνδρ' ἕν' οἰόζωνον αὐδήσει, σαφῶς
τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἤδη τοὔργον εἰς ἐμὲ ῥέπον.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ἀλλ' ὡς φανέν γε τοὔπος ὧδ' ἐπίστασο,
κοὐκ ἔστιν αὐτῷ τοῦτό γ' ἐκβαλεῖν πάλιν·
πόλις γὰρ ἤκουσ', οὐκ ἐγὼ μόνη, τάδε.
εἰ δ' οὖν τι κἀκτρέποιτο τοῦ πρόσθεν λόγου,
οὔτοι ποτ', ὦναξ, τόν γε Λαΐου φόνον
φανεῖ δικαίως ὀρθόν, ὅν γε Λοξίας
διεῖπε χρῆναι παιδὸς ἐξ ἐμοῦ θανεῖν.
καίτοι νιν οὐ κεῖνός γ' ὁ δύστηνός ποτε
κατέκταν', ἀλλ' αὐτὸς πάροιθεν ὤλετο.
ὥστ' οὐχὶ μαντείας γ' ἂν οὔτε τῇδ' ἐγὼ
βλέψαιμ' ἂν οὕνεκ' οὔτε τῇδ' ἂν ὕστερον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

καλῶς νομίζεις. ἀλλ' ὅμως τὸν ἐργάτην
πέμψον τινὰ στελοῦντα μηδὲ τοῦτ' ἀφῇς.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

πέμψω ταχύνασ'· ἀλλ' ἴωμεν ἐς δόμους.
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἂν πράξαιμ' ἂν ὧν οὐ σοὶ φίλον.

[*Exeunt* JOCASTA *et* ŒDIPUS.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

στρ. ά.

εἴ μοι ξυνείη φέροντι μοῖρα τὰν εὔσεπτον ἁγνείαν λόγων
ἔργων τε πάντων, ὧν νόμοι πρόκεινται
ὑψίποδες, οὐρανίᾳ

For one man could not be the same as many.
But if he speak of one man, all alone,
Then, all too plain, the deed cleaves fast to me.

JOCASTA.

But know, the thing was said, and clearly said,
And now he cannot from his word draw back.
Not I alone, but the whole city, heard it;
And should he now retract his former tale,
Not then, my husband, will he rightly show
The death of Laïus, who, as Loxias told,
By my son's hands should die; and yet, poor boy,
He killed him not, but perished long ago.
So I, at least, for all their oracles,
Will never more cast glance or here or there.

OEDIPUS.

Thou reasonest well. Yet send a messenger
To fetch that peasant. Be not slack in this.

JOCASTA.

I will make haste. But let us now go in;
I would do nothing that displeaseth thee.

[JOCASTA *and* OEDIPUS *go within*

CHORUS.

STROPH. I.

O that 'twere mine to keep
An awful purity,
In words and deeds whose laws on high are set
Through heaven's clear ether spread,
Whose birth Olympus boasts,
Their one, their only sire,

αἰθέρι τεκνωθέντες, ὧν Ὄλυμπος
πατὴρ μόνος, οὐδέ νιν θνατὰ φύσις ἀνέρων
ἔτικτεν, οὐδὲ μή ποτε λάθα κατακοιμάσῃ·
μέγας ἐν τούτοις θεός, οὐδὲ γηράσκει.

ἀντ. ά.

ὕβρις φυτεύει τύραννον· ὕβρις, εἰ πολλῶν ὑπερπλησθῇ μάταν,
ἃ μὴ 'πίκαιρα μηδὲ συμφέροντα,
ἀκρότατον εἰσαναβᾶσ'
ἀπότομον ὤρουσεν εἰς ἀνάγκαν,
ἔνθ' οὐ ποδὶ χρησίμῳ χρῆται. τὸ καλῶς δ' ἔχον
πόλει πάλαισμα μήποτε λῦσαι θεὸν αἰτοῦμαι.
θεὸν οὐ λήξω ποτὲ προστάταν ἴσχων.

στρ. β'.

εἰ δέ τις ὑπέροπτα χερσὶν
ἢ λόγῳ πορεύεται,
Δίκας ἀφόβητος οὐδὲ
δαιμόνων ἕδη σέβων,
κακά νιν ἕλοιτο μοῖρα,
δυσπότμου χάριν χλιδᾶς,
εἰ μὴ τὸ κέρδος κερδανεῖ δικαίως
καὶ τῶν ἀσέπτων ἔρξεται,
ἢ τῶν ἀθίκτων ἕξεται ματᾴζων.
τίς ἔτι ποτ' ἐν τοῖσδ' ἀνὴρ θυμῶν βέλη
εὔξεται ψυχᾶς ἀμύνειν;
εἰ γὰρ αἱ τοιαίδε πράξεις τίμιαι,
τί δεῖ με χορεύειν;

Whom man's frail flesh begat not,
Nor in forgetfulness
Shall lull to sleep of death;
In them our God is great,
In them he grows not old for evermore.

ANTISTROPH. I.

But pride begets the mood
Of wanton, tyrant power;
Pride filled with many thoughts, yet filled in vain,
Untimely, ill-advised,
Scaling the topmost height,
Falls to the abyss of woe,
Where step that profiteth
It seeks in vain to take.
I ask our God to stay
The labors never more
That work our country's good;
I will not cease to call on God for aid.

STROPH. II.

But if there be who walketh haughtily,
In action or in speech,
Whom Righteousness herself has ceased to awe,
Who shrines of Gods reveres not,
An evil fate be his
(Fit meed for all his evil boastfulness);
Unless he gain his gains more righteously,
And draweth back from deeds of sacrilege,
Nor lays rash hand upon the holy things,
By man inviolable:
Who now, if such things be,
Will boast that he can guard
His soul from darts of wrath?
If deeds like these are held in high repute,
What profit is't for me
To raise my choral strain?

ἀντ. β′.

οὐκέτι τὸν ἄθικτον εἶμι
γᾶς ἐπ' ὀμφαλὸν σέβων,
οὐδ' ἐς τὸν Ἀβαῖσι ναόν,
οὐδὲ τὰν Ὀλυμπίαν,
εἰ μὴ τάδε χειρόδεικτα
πᾶσιν ἁρμόσει βροτοῖς.
ἀλλ', ὦ κρατύνων, εἴπερ ὄρθ' ἀκούεις,
Ζεῦ, πάντ' ἀνάσσων, μὴ λάθοι
σὲ τάν τε σὰν ἀθάνατον αἰὲν ἀρχάν.
φθίνοντα γὰρ Πυθόχρηστα Λαΐου
θέσφατ' ἐξαιροῦσιν ἤδη,
κοὐδαμοῦ τιμαῖς Ἀπόλλων ἐμφανής·
ἔρρει δὲ τὰ θεῖα.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

χώρας ἄνακτες, δόξα μοι παρεστάθη [Introit.
ναοὺς ἱκέσθαι δαιμόνων, τάδ' ἐν χεροῖν
στέφη λαβούσῃ κἀπιθυμιάματα.
ὑψοῦ γὰρ αἴρει θυμὸν Οἰδίπους ἄγαν
λύπαισι παντοίαισιν· οὐδ' ὁποῖ' ἀνὴρ
ἔννους τὰ καινὰ τοῖς πάλαι τεκμαίρεται,
ἀλλ' ἔστι τοῦ λέγοντος, εἰ φόβους λέγῃ.
ὅτ' οὖν παραινοῦσ' οὐδὲν ἐς πλέον ποιῶ,
πρὸς σ', ὦ Λύκει' Ἄπολλον, ἄγχιστος γὰρ εἶ,
ἱκέτις ἀφῖγμαι τοῖσδε σὺν κατεύγμασιν,
ὅπως λύσιν τιν' ἡμὶν εὐαγῆ πόρῃς·
ὡς νῦν ὀκνοῦμεν πάντες ἐκπεπληγμένον
κεῖνον βλέποντες ὡς κυβερνήτην νεώς.

ANTISTROPH. II.

No longer will I go in pilgrim's guise,
    To yon all holy place,
Earth's central shrine, nor Abae's temple old,
    Nor to Olympia's fane,
    Unless these things shall stand
In sight all men, tokens clear from God.
But, O thou sovereign Ruler! if that name,
O Zeus, belongs to thee, who reign'st o'er all,
Let not this trespass hide itself from thee,
    Or thine undying sway;
    For now they set at nought
    The worn-out oracles,
    That Laïus heard of old,
And king Apollo's wonted worship flags,
    And all to wreck is gone
    The homage due to God.

JOCASTA.

[*Enters, followed by* ATTENDANTS.]

Princes of this our land, across my soul
There comes the thought to go from shrine to shrine
Of all the Gods, these garlands in my hand,
And waving incense; for our Oedipus
Vexes his soul too wildly with all woes,
And speaks not as a man should speak who scans
New issues by experience of the old,
But hangs on every breath that tells of fear.
And since I find that my advice avails not,
To thee, Lycian King, Apollo, first
I come, — for thou art nearest, — suppliant
With these devotions, trusting thou wilt work
Some way of healing for us, free from guilt;
For now we shudder, all of us, seeing him,
The good ship's pilot, stricken down with fear.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ἆρ' ἂν παρ' ὑμῶν, ὦ ξένοι, μάθοιμ' ὅπου [*Introit.*
τὰ τοῦ τυράννου δώματ' ἐστὶν Οἰδίπου;
μάλιστα δ' αὐτὸν εἴπατ', εἰ κάτισθ' ὅπου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

στέγαι μὲν αἵδε, καὐτὸς ἔνδον, ὦ ξένε·
γυνὴ δὲ μήτηρ ἥδε τῶν κείνου τέκνων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ἀλλ' ὀλβία τε καὶ ξὺν ὀλβίοις ἀεὶ
γένοιτ', ἐκείνου γ' οὖσα παντελὴς δάμαρ.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

αὔτως δὲ καὶ σύ γ', ὦ ξέν'· ἄξιος γὰρ εἶ
τῆς εὐεπείας οὕνεκ'. ἀλλὰ φράζ' ὅτου
χρῄζων ἀφῖξαι χὤ τι σημῆναι θέλων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ἀγαθὰ δόμοις τε καὶ πόσει τῷ σῷ, γύναι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

τὰ ποῖα ταῦτα; παρὰ τίνος δ' ἀφιγμένος;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ἐκ τῆς Κορίνθου. τὸ δ' ἔπος οὐξερῶ τάχα,
ἥδοιο μέν, πῶς δ' οὐκ ἄν, ἀσχάλλοις δ' ἴσως.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

τί δ' ἔστι; ποίαν δύναμιν ὧδ' ἔχει διπλῆν;

FIRST MESSENGER.

[*Enters at the left, coming from Corinth.*]

May I inquire of you, O strangers, where
To find the house of Oedipus the king,
And above all, where he is, if ye know?

CHORUS.

This is the house, and he, good sir, within;
And here stands she, the mother of his children.

FIRST MESSENGER.

Good fortune be with her and all her kin,
Being, as she is, his true and honored wife.

JOCASTA.

Like fortune be with thee, my friend. Thy speech,
So kind, deserves no less. But tell me why
Thou comest, what thou hast to ask or tell.

FIRST MESSENGER.

Good news to thee, and to thy husband, lady.

JOCASTA.

What is it, then? and who has sent thee here?

FIRST MESSENGER.

I come from Corinth, and the news I'll tell
May give thee joy. How else? Yet thou may'st grieve.

JOCASTA.

What is the news that has this twofold power?

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

τύραννον αὐτὸν οὑπιχώριοι χθονὸς
τῆς Ἰσθμίας στήσουσιν, ὡς ηὐδᾶτ᾽ ἐκεῖ.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

τί δ᾽; οὐχ ὁ πρέσβυς Πόλυβος ἐγκρατὴς ἔτι;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

οὐ δῆτ᾽, ἐπεί νιν θάνατος ἐν τάφοις ἔχει.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

πῶς εἶπας; ἦ τέθνηκε Πόλυβος, ὦ γέρον;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

εἰ μὴ λέγω τἀληθές, ἀξιῶ θανεῖν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ὦ πρόσπολ᾽, οὐχὶ δεσπότῃ τάδ᾽ ὡς τάχος
μολοῦσα λέξεις; ὦ θεῶν μαντεύματα,
ἵν᾽ ἐστέ· τοῦτον Οἰδίπους πάλαι τρέμων
τὸν ἄνδρ᾽ ἔφευγε μὴ κτάνοι, καὶ νῦν ὅδε
πρὸς τῆς τύχης ὄλωλεν οὐδὲ τοῦδ᾽ ὕπο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὦ φίλτατον γυναικὸς Ἰοκάστης κάρα, [*Introit.*
τί μ᾽ ἐξεπέμψω δεῦρο τῶνδε δωμάτων;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ἄκουε τἀνδρὸς τοῦδε, καὶ σκόπει κλύων
τὰ σέμν᾽ ἵν᾽ ἥκει τοῦ θεοῦ μαντεύματα.

FIRST MESSENGER.

The citizens that on the Isthmus dwell
Will make him sovereign. So the rumor ran.

JOCASTA.

What! Does old Polybus hold his own no more?

FIRST MESSENGER.

Nay, nay. Death holds him in his sepulchre.

JOCASTA.

What say'st thou? Polybus, thy king, is dead?

FIRST MESSENGER.

If I speak false, I bid you take my life.

JOCASTA.

Go, maiden, at thy topmost speed, and tell
Thy master this. Now, oracles of Gods,
Where are ye now? Long since my Oedipus
Fled, fearing lest his hand should slay the man;
And now he dies by fate, and not by him.

OEDIPUS.

[*Enters.*]

Mine own Jocasta, why, O dearest one,
Why hast thou sent to fetch me from the house?

JOCASTA.

List this man's tale, and, when thou hearest, see
The plight of those the God's dread oracles.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὗτος δὲ τίς ποτ᾽ ἐστὶ καὶ τί μοι λέγει;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ἐκ τῆς Κορίνθου, πατέρα τὸν σὸν ἀγγελῶν
ὡς οὐκέτ᾽ ὄντα Πόλυβον, ἀλλ᾽ ὀλωλότα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τί φῄς, ξέν᾽; αὐτός μοι σὺ σημήνας γενοῦ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

εἰ τοῦτο πρῶτον δεῖ μ᾽ ἀπαγγεῖλαι σαφῶς,
εὖ ἴσθ᾽ ἐκεῖνον θανάσιμον βεβηκότα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πότερα δόλοισιν, ἢ νόσου ξυναλλαγῇ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

σμικρὰ παλαιὰ σώματ᾽ εὐνάζει ῥοπή.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

νόσοις ὁ τλήμων, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἔφθιτο.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

καὶ τῷ μακρῷ γε συμμετρούμενος χρόνῳ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

φεῦ φεῦ, τί δῆτ᾽ ἄν, ὦ γύναι, σκοποῖτό τις
τὴν Πυθόμαντιν ἑστίαν, ἢ τοὺς ἄνω
κλάζοντας ὄρνις, ὧν ὑφηγητῶν ἐγὼ
κτανεῖν ἔμελλον πατέρα τὸν ἐμόν; ὁ δὲ θανὼν

OEDIPUS.

Who then is this, and what has he to tell?

JOCASTA.

He comes from Corinth, and he brings thee word
That Polybus, thy father, lives no more.

OEDIPUS.

What say'st thou, friend? Tell me thy tale thyself.

FIRST MESSENGER.

If I must needs report the story clear,
Know well that he has gone the way of death.

OEDIPUS.

Was it by plot, or chance of some disease?

FIRST MESSENGER.

An old man's frame a little stroke lays low.

OEDIPUS.

By some disease, 'twould seem, he met his death?

FIRST MESSENGER.

Yes, that, and partly worn by lingering age.

OEDIPUS.

Ha! ha! Why now, my queen, should we regard
The Pythian hearth oracular, or birds
In mid-air crying? By their auguries,
I was to slay my father. And he dies,
And the grave hides him; and I find myself

κεύθει κάτω δὴ γῆς· ἐγὼ δ' ὅδ' ἐνθάδε
ἄψαυστος ἔγχους, εἴ τι μὴ τὠμῷ πόθῳ
κατέφθιθ'· οὕτω δ' ἂν θανὼν εἴη 'ξ ἐμοῦ.
τὰ δ' οὖν παρόντα συλλαβὼν θεσπίσματα
κεῖται παρ' Ἅιδῃ Πόλυβος ἄξι' οὐδενός.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

οὔκουν ἐγώ σοι ταῦτα προὔλεγον πάλαι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ηὔδας· ἐγὼ δὲ τῷ φόβῳ παρηγόμην.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

μὴ νῦν ἔτ' αὐτῶν μηδὲν ἐς θυμὸν βάλῃς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

καὶ πῶς τὸ μητρὸς λέκτρον οὐκ ὀκνεῖν με δεῖ;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

τί δ' ἂν φοβοῖτ' ἄνθρωπος, ᾧ τὰ τῆς τύχης
κρατεῖ, πρόνοια δ' ἐστὶν οὐδενὸς σαφής;
εἰκῇ κράτιστον ζῆν, ὅπως δύναιτό τις.
σὺ δ' εἰς τὰ μητρὸς μὴ φοβοῦ νυμφεύματα·
πολλοὶ γὰρ ἤδη κἀν ὀνείρασιν βροτῶν
μητρὶ ξυνευνάσθησαν. ἀλλὰ ταῦθ' ὅτῳ
παρ' οὐδέν ἐστι, ῥᾷστα τὸν βίον φέρει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

καλῶς ἅπαντα ταῦτ' ἂν ἐξείρητό σοι,
εἰ μὴ 'κύρει ζῶσ' ἡ τεκοῦσα· νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ
ζῇ, πᾶσ' ἀνάγκη, κεἰ καλῶς λέγεις, ὀκνεῖν.

Handling no sword; — unless for love of me
He pined away, and so I caused his death.
So Polybus is gone, and bears with him,
In Hades 'whelmed, those worthless oracles.

JOCASTA.

Did I not tell thee this long time ago?

OEDIPUS.

Thou did'st, but I was led away by fears.

JOCASTA.

Dismiss them, then, forever from thy thoughts!

OEDIPUS.

And yet that "incest"; must I not fear that?

JOCASTA.

Why should we fear, when chance rules everything,
And foresight of the future there is none;
'Tis best to live at random, as one can.
But thou, fear not that marriage with thy mother:
Many ere now have dreamt of things like this,
But who cares least about them bears life best.

OEDIPUS.

Right well thou speakest all things, save that she
Still lives that bore me, and I can but fear,
Seeing that she lives, although thou speakest well.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

καὶ μὴν μέγας γ' ὀφθαλμὸς οἱ πατρὸς τάφοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

μέγας, ξυνίημ'· ἀλλὰ τῆς ζώσης φόβος.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ποίας δὲ καὶ γυναικὸς ἐκφοβεῖσθ' ὕπερ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

Μερόπης, γεραιέ, Πόλυβος ἧς ᾤκει μέτα.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

τί δ' ἔστ' ἐκείνης ὑμὶν ἐς φόβον φέρον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

θεήλατον μάντευμα δεινόν, ὦ ξένε.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ἦ ῥητόν; ἦ οὐχὶ θεμιτὸν ἄλλον εἰδέναι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

μάλιστά γ'· εἶπε γάρ με Λοξίας ποτὲ
χρῆναι μιγῆναι μητρὶ τἠμαυτοῦ, τό τε
πατρῷον αἷμα χερσὶ ταῖς ἐμαῖς ἑλεῖν.
ὧν οὕνεχ' ἡ Κόρινθος ἐξ ἐμοῦ πάλαι
μακρὰν ἀπῳκεῖτ'· εὐτυχῶς μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως
τὰ τῶν τεκόντων ὄμμαθ' ἥδιστον βλέπειν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ἦ γὰρ τάδ' ὀκνῶν κεῖθεν ἦσθ' ἀπόπτολις;

JOCASTA.

And yet great light comes from thy father's grave.

OEDIPUS.

Great light I own; yet while she lives I fear.

FIRST MESSENGER.

Who is this woman about whom ye fear?

OEDIPUS.

'Tis Merope, old sir, who lived with Polybus.

FIRST MESSENGER.

And what leads you to think of her with fear?

OEDIPUS.

A fearful oracle, my friend, from God.

FIRST MESSENGER.

Can'st tell it? or must others ask in vain?

OEDIPUS.

Most readily: for Loxias said of old
That I should with my mother wed, and then
With mine own hands should spill my father's blood.
And therefore Corinth long ago I left,
And journeyed far, right prosperously I own;—
And yet 'tis sweet to see one's parents' face.

FIRST MESSENGER.

And did this fear thy steps to exile lead?

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πατρός τε χρήζων μὴ φονεὺς εἶναι, γέρον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

τί δῆτ᾽ ἐγὼ οὐχὶ τοῦδε τοῦ φόβου σ᾽, ἄναξ,
ἐπείπερ εὔνους ἦλθον, ἐξελυσάμην;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

καὶ μὴν χάριν γ᾽ ἂν ἀξίαν λάβοις ἐμοῦ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

καὶ μὴν μάλιστα τοῦτ᾽ ἀφικόμην, ὅπως
σοῦ πρὸς δόμους ἐλθόντος εὖ πράξαιμί τι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλ᾽ οὔποτ᾽ εἶμι τοῖς φυτεύσασίν γ᾽ ὁμοῦ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ὦ παῖ, καλῶς εἶ δῆλος οὐκ εἰδὼς τί δρᾷς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πῶς, ὦ γεραιέ; πρὸς θεῶν δίδασκέ με.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

εἰ τῶνδε φεύγεις οὕνεκ᾽ εἰς οἴκους μολεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ταρβῶ γε μή μοι Φοῖβος ἐξέλθῃ σαφής.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ἦ μὴ μίασμα τῶν φυτευσάντων λάβῃς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τοῦτ᾽ αὐτό, πρέσβυ, τοῦτό μ᾽ εἰσαεὶ φοβεῖ.

OEDIPUS.

I did not wish to take my father's life.

FIRST MESSENGER.

Why, then, O king, did I, with good-will come,
Not free thee from this fear that haunts thy soul?

OEDIPUS.

Yes, and for this thou shalt have worthy thanks.

FIRST MESSENGER.

For this, indeed, I chiefly came to thee;
That I on thy return might prosper well.

OEDIPUS.

And yet I will not with a parent meet.

FIRST MESSENGER.

'Tis clear, my son, thou know'st not what thou dost.

OEDIPUS.

What is't? By all the Gods, old man, speak out.

FIRST MESSENGER.

If 'tis for them thou fearest to return —

OEDIPUS.

I fear lest Phoebus prove himself too true.

FIRST MESSENGER.

Is it lest thou should'st stain thy soul through them?

OEDIPUS.

This self-same fear, old man, forever haunts me.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ἆρ' οἶσθα δῆτα πρὸς δίκης οὐδὲν τρέμων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πῶς δ' οὐχί, παῖς γ' εἰ τῶνδε γεννητῶν ἔφυν;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ὁθούνεκ' ἦν σοι Πόλυβος οὐδὲν ἐν γένει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πῶς εἶπας; οὐ γὰρ Πόλυβος ἐξέφυσέ με;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

οὐ μᾶλλον οὐδὲν τοῦδε τἀνδρός, ἀλλ' ἴσον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

καὶ πῶς ὁ φύσας ἐξ ἴσου τῷ μηδενί;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ἀλλ' οὔ σ' ἐγείνατ' οὔτ' ἐκεῖνος οὔτ' ἐγώ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλ' ἀντὶ τοῦ δὴ παῖδά μ' ὠνομάζετο;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

δῶρόν ποτ', ἴσθι, τῶν ἐμῶν χειρῶν λαβών.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

κᾆθ' ὧδ' ἀπ' ἄλλης χειρὸς ἔστερξεν μέγα;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ἡ γὰρ πρὶν αὐτὸν ἐξέπεισ' ἀπαιδία.

FIRST MESSENGER.

And know'st thou not there is no cause for fear?

OEDIPUS.

Is there no cause if I was born their son?

FIRST MESSENGER.

None is there. Polybus was nought to thee.

OEDIPUS.

What say'st thou? Did not Polybus beget me?

FIRST MESSENGER.

No more than he thou speak'st to; just as much.

OEDIPUS.

How could a father's claim become as nought?

FIRST MESSENGER.

Well, neither he begat thee nor did I.

OEDIPUS.

Why then did he acknowledge me as his?

FIRST MESSENGER.

He at my hands received thee as a gift.

OEDIPUS.

And could he love another's child so much?

FIRST MESSENGER.

Yes; for his former childlessness wrought on him.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

σὺ δ' ἐμπολήσας, ἢ τεκών μ' αὐτῷ δίδως;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

εὑρὼν ναπαίαις ἐν Κιθαιρῶνος πτυχαῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὡδοιπόρεις δὲ πρὸς τί τούσδε τοὺς τόπους;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ἐνταῦθ' ὀρείοις ποιμνίοις ἐπεστάτουν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ποιμὴν γὰρ ἦσθα κἀπὶ θητείᾳ πλάνης;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

σοῦ δ', ὦ τέκνον, σωτήρ γε τῷ τότ' ἐν χρόνῳ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τί δ' ἄλγος ἴσχοντ' ἐν κακοῖς με λαμβάνεις;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ποδῶν ἂν ἄρθρα μαρτυρήσειεν τὰ σά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οἴμοι, τί τοῦτ' ἀρχαῖον ἐννέπεις κακόν;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

λύω σ' ἔχοντα διατόρους ποδοῖν ἀκμάς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

δεινόν γ' ὄνειδος σπαργάνων ἀνειλόμην.

OEDIPUS.

And gav'st thou me as foundling or as bought?

FIRST MESSENGER.

I found thee in Cithaeron's shrub-grown hollow.

OEDIPUS.

And for what cause did'st travel thitherwards?

FIRST MESSENGER.

I had the charge to tend the mountain flocks.

OEDIPUS.

Wast thou a shepherd, then, and seeking hire?

FIRST MESSENGER.

E'en so, my son, and so I saved thee then.

OEDIPUS.

What evil plight then did'st thou find me in?

FIRST MESSENGER.

The sinews of thy feet would tell that tale.

OEDIPUS.

Ah, me! why speak'st thou of that ancient wrong?

FIRST MESSENGER.

I freed thee when thy insteps both were pierced.

OEDIPUS.

A foul disgrace I had in swaddling clothes.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ὥστ᾽ ὠνομάσθης ἐκ τύχης ταύτης ὃς εἶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὦ πρὸς θεῶν, πρὸς μητρός, ἢ πατρός, φράσον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

οὐκ οἶδ᾽· ὁ δοὺς δὲ ταῦτ᾽ ἐμοῦ λῷον φρονεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἦ γὰρ παρ᾽ ἄλλου μ᾽ ἔλαβες οὐδ᾽ αὐτὸς τυχών;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

οὔκ, ἀλλὰ ποιμήν ἄλλος ἐκδίδωσί μοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τίς οὗτος; ἦ κάτοισθα δηλῶσαι λόγῳ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

τῶν Λαΐου δήπου τις ὠνομάζετο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἦ τοῦ τυράννου τῆσδε γῆς πάλαι ποτέ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

μάλιστα· τούτου τἀνδρὸς οὗτος ἦν βοτήρ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἦ κἄστ᾽ ἔτι ζῶν οὗτος, ὥστ᾽ ἰδεῖν ἐμέ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ὑμεῖς γ᾽ ἄριστ᾽ εἰδεῖτ᾽ ἂν οὑπιχώριοι.

FIRST MESSENGER.

Thus from this chance there came the name thou bearest.

OEDIPUS.

Who gave the name, my father or my mother?

FIRST MESSENGER.

I know not. He who gave thee better knows.

OEDIPUS.

Did'st thou then take me from another's hand,
Not finding me thyself?

FIRST MESSENGER.

Not I, indeed;
Another shepherd made a gift of thee.

OEDIPUS.

Who was he? Know'st thou how to point him out?

FIRST MESSENGER.

They called him one of those that Laïus owned.

OEDIPUS.

Mean'st thou the former sovereign of this land?

FIRST MESSENGER.

E'en so. He fed the flocks of him thou nam'st.

OEDIPUS.

And is he living still that I might see him?

FIRST MESSENGER.

You, his own countrymen, should know that best.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἔστιν τις ὑμῶν τῶν παρεστώτων πέλας,
ὅστις κάτοιδε τὸν βοτῆρ', ὃν ἐννέπει,
εἴτ' οὖν ἐπ' ἀγρῶν εἴτε κἀνθάδ' εἰσιδών;
σημήναθ', ὡς ὁ καιρὸς εὑρῆσθαι τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

οἶμαι μὲν οὐδέν' ἄλλον ἢ τὸν ἐξ ἀγρῶν,
ὃν κἀμάτευες πρόσθεν εἰσιδεῖν· ἀτὰρ
ἥδ' ἂν τάδ' οὐχ ἥκιστ' ἂν Ἰοκάστη λέγοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

γύναι, νοεῖς ἐκεῖνον, ὅντιν' ἀρτίως
μολεῖν ἐφιέμεσθα; τόνδ' οὗτος λέγει;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

τί δ' ὅντιν' εἶπε; μηδὲν ἐντραπῇς. τὰ δὲ
ῥηθέντα βούλου μηδὲ μεμνῆσθαι μάτην.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο τοῦθ', ὅπως ἐγὼ λαβὼν
σημεῖα τοιαῦτ' οὐ φανῶ τοὐμὸν γένος.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, εἴπερ τι τοῦ σαυτοῦ βίου
κήδει, ματεύσῃς τοῦθ'· ἅλις νοσοῦσ' ἐγώ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

θάρσει. σὺ μὲν γὰρ οὐδ' ἐὰν τρίτης ἐγὼ
μητρὸς φανῶ τρίδουλος, ἐκφανεῖ κακή.

OEDIPUS.

Is there of you who stand and listen here
One who has known the shepherd that he tells of,
Or seeing him upon the hills or here?
If so, declare it; 'tis full time to know.

CHORUS.

I think that this is he whom from the fields
But now thou soughtest. But Jocasta here
Could tell thee this with surer word than I.

OEDIPUS.

Think'st thou, my queen, the man whom late we sent for
Is one with him of whom this stranger speaks?

JOCASTA.

Whom did he speak of? Care not thou for it,
Nor even wish to keep his words in mind.

OEDIPUS.

I cannot fail, once getting on the scent,
To track at last the secret of my birth.

JOCASTA.

Ah, by the Gods, if that thou valuest life
Inquire no more. My misery is enough.

OEDIPUS.

Take heart; though I should prove thrice base-born slave,
Born of thrice base-born mother, thou art still
Free from all stain.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ὅμως πιθοῦ μοι, λίσσομαι· μὴ δρᾶ τάδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην μὴ οὐ τάδ' ἐκμαθεῖν σαφῶς.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

καὶ μὴν φρονοῦσά γ' εὖ τὰ λῷστά σοι λέγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τὰ λῷστα τοίνυν ταῦτά μ' ἀλγύνει πάλαι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ὦ δύσποτμ', εἴθε μήποτε γνοίης ὃς εἶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἄξει τις ἐλθὼν δεῦρο τὸν βοτῆρά μοι;
ταύτην δ' ἐᾶτε πλουσίῳ χαίρειν γένει.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ.

ἰοὺ ἰού, δύστηνε· τοῦτο γάρ σ' ἔχω
μόνον προσειπεῖν, ἄλλο δ' οὔποθ' ὕστερον. [Exit.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

τί ποτε βέβηκεν, Οἰδίπους, ὑπ' ἀγρίας
ᾄξασα λύπης ἡ γυνή; δέδοιχ' ὅπως
μὴ 'κ τῆς σιωπῆς τῆσδ' ἀναρρήξει κακά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὁποῖα χρῄζει ῥηγνύτω· τοὐμὸν δ' ἐγώ,
κεἰ σμικρόν ἐστι, σπέρμ' ἰδεῖν βουλήσομαι.

JOCASTA.

Yet, I implore thee, pause!
Yield to my counsels, do not do this deed.

OEDIPUS.

I may not yield, nor fail to search it out.

JOCASTA.

And yet best counsels give I, for thy good.

OEDIPUS.

What thou call'st best has long been grief to me.

JOCASTA.

May'st thou ne'er know, ill-starred one, who thou art!

OEDIPUS.

Will some one bring that shepherd to me here?
Leave her to glory in her high descent.

JOCASTA.

Woe! woe! ill-fated one! my last word this,
This only, and no more for evermore.

[*Rushes within.*

CHORUS.

Why has thy queen, O Oedipus, gone forth
In her wild sorrow rushing? Much I fear
Lest from such silence evil deeds burst out.

OEDIPUS.

Burst out what will; I seek to know my birth,
Low though it be, and she perhaps is shamed

αὕτη δ' ἴσως, φρονεῖ γὰρ ὡς γυνὴ μέγα,
τὴν δυσγένειαν τὴν ἐμὴν αἰσχύνεται.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαυτὸν παῖδα τῆς Τύχης νέμων
τῆς εὖ διδούσης οὐκ ἀτιμασθήσομαι.
τῆς γὰρ πέφυκα μητρός· οἱ δὲ συγγενεῖς
μῆνές με μικρὸν καὶ μέγαν διώρισαν.
τοιόσδε δ' ἐκφὺς οὐκ ἂν ἐξέλθοιμ' ἔτι
ποτ' ἄλλος, ὥστε μὴ 'κμαθεῖν τοὐμὸν γένος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

στρ.

εἴπερ ἐγὼ μάντις εἰμὶ καὶ κατὰ γνώμαν ἴδρις,
οὐ τὸν Ὄλυμπον ἀπείρων, ὦ Κιθαιρών,
οὐκ ἔσῃ τὰν αὔριον πανσέληνον, μὴ οὐ σέ γε
καὶ πατριώταν Οἰδίπου
καὶ τροφὸν καὶ ματέρ' αὔξειν,
καὶ χορεύεσθαι πρὸς ἡμῶν, ὡς ἐπίηρα φέροντα τοῖς ἐμοῖς
τυράννοις.
ἰήϊε Φοῖβε, σοὶ δὲ
ταῦτ' ἀρέστ' εἴη.

ἀντ.

τίς σε, τέκνον, τίς σ' ἔτικτε τᾶν μακραιώνων κορᾶν,
Πανὸς ὀρεσσιβάτα πατρὸς πελασθεῖσ',
ἢ σέ γ' εὐνάτειρά τις Λοξίου; τῷ γὰρ πλάκες
ἀγρόνομοι πᾶσαι φίλαι·
εἴθ' ὁ Κυλλάνας ἀνάσσων,
εἴθ' ὁ Βακχεῖος θεὸς ναίων ἐπ' ἄκρων ὀρέων εὕρημα δέξατ'
ἔκ του

(For, like a woman, she is proud of heart)
At thoughts of my low birth; but I, who count
Myself the child of Fortune, fear no shame;
My mother she, and she has prospered me.
And so the months that span my life have made me
Both low and high; but whatsoe'er I be,
Such as I am I am, and needs must on
To fathom all the secret of my birth.

CHORUS.

STROPH.

If the seer's gift be mine,
Or skill in counsel wise,
Thou, O Cithaeron, by Olympus high,
When next our full moon comes,
Shalt fail not to resound
With cry that greets thee, fellow-citizen,
Mother and nurse of Oedipus;
And we will on thee weave our choral dance,
As bringing to our princes glad good news.
Hail, hail! O Phoebus, grant that what we do
May meet thy favoring smile.

ANTISTROPH.

Who was it bore thee, child,
Of Nymphs whose years are long,
Or drawing near the mighty Father, Pan,
Who wanders o'er the hills,
Or Loxias' paramour,
Who loves the high lawns of the pasturing flocks?
Or was it He who rules
Cyllene's height; or did the Bacchic god,

Νυμφᾶν Ἑλικωνίδων, αἷς
πλεῖστα συμπαίζει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

εἰ χρή τι κἀμὲ μὴ συναλλάξαντά πω,
πρέσβεις, σταθμᾶσθαι, τὸν βοτῆρ' ὁρᾶν δοκῶ,
ὅνπερ πάλαι ζητοῦμεν. ἔν τε γὰρ μακρῷ
γήρᾳ ξυνᾴδει τῷδε τἀνδρὶ σύμμετρος,
ἄλλως τε τοὺς ἄγοντας ὥσπερ οἰκέτας
ἔγνωκ' ἐμαυτοῦ· τῇ δ' ἐπιστήμῃ σύ μου
προύχοις τάχ' ἄν που, τὸν βοτῆρ' ἰδὼν πάρος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἔγνωκα γάρ, σάφ' ἴσθι· Λαΐου γὰρ ἦν
εἴπερ τις ἄλλος πιστὸς ὡς νομεὺς ἀνήρ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

σὲ πρῶτ' ἐρωτῶ, τὸν Κορίνθιον ξένον,
ἦ τόνδε φράζεις;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

τοῦτον, ὅνπερ εἰσορᾷς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὗτος σύ, πρέσβυ, δεῦρό μοι φώνει βλέπων [Introit
ὅσ' ἄν σ' ἐρωτῶ. Λαΐου ποτ' ἦσθα σύ; pastor Laii.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

ἦ δοῦλος οὐκ ὠνητός, ἀλλ' οἴκοι τραφείς.

Whose dwelling is upon the mountain peaks,
Receive thee, gift of Heliconian nymphs,
With whom he loves to sport?

OEDIPUS.

If I must needs conjecture, who as yet
Ne'er met the man, I think I see the shepherd,
Whom this long while we sought for. In his age
He this man matches. And I see besides,
My servants bring him. Thou perchance can'st speak
From former knowledge yet more certainly.

CHORUS.

I know him, king, be sure; for this man stood,
If any, known as Laïus' herdsman true.

SHEPHERD *enters at the right, from afield.*

OEDIPUS.

Thee first I ask, Corinthian stranger, say;
Is this the man?

FIRST MESSENGER.

The very man thou seek'st.

OEDIPUS.

Ho there! old man. Come hither, look on me,
And tell me all. Did Laïus own thee once?

SHEPHERD.

His slave I was, not bought, but reared at home.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἔργον μεριμνῶν ποῖον ἢ βίον τίνα;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

ποίμναις τὰ πλεῖστα τοῦ βίου συνειπόμην.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

χώροις μάλιστα πρὸς τίσι ξύναυλος ὤν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

ἦν μὲν Κιθαιρών, ἦν δὲ πρόσχωρος τόπος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τὸν ἄνδρα τόνδ' οὖν οἶσθα τῇδέ που μαθών;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

τί χρῆμα δρῶντα; ποῖον ἄνδρα καὶ λέγεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τόνδ' ὃς πάρεστιν· ἦ ξυνήλλαξας τί πω;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

οὐχ ὥστε γ' εἰπεῖν ἐν τάχει μνήμης ὕπο.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

κοὐδέν γε θαῦμα, δέσποτ'. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σαφῶς
ἀγνῶτ' ἀναμνήσω νιν. εὖ γὰρ οἶδ' ὅτι
κάτοιδεν ἦμος τὸν Κιθαιρῶνος τόπον
ὁ μὲν διπλοῖσι ποιμνίοις, ἐγὼ δ' ἑνὶ
ἐπλησίαζον τῷδε τἀνδρὶ τρεῖς ὅλους
ἐξ ἦρος εἰς ἀρκτοῦρον ἐκμήνους χρόνους·

OEDIPUS.

What was thy work, or what thy mode of life?

SHEPHERD.

Near all my life I followed with the flock.

OEDIPUS.

And in what regions did'st thou chiefly dwell?

SHEPHERD.

Now 'twas Cithaeron, now on neighboring fields.

OEDIPUS.

Know'st thou this man? Did'st ever see him there?

SHEPHERD.

What did he do? Of what man speakest thou?

OEDIPUS.

This man now present. Did ye ever meet?

SHEPHERD.

I cannot say off-hand from memory.

FIRST MESSENGER.

No wonder that, my lord. But I'll remind him
Right well of things forgotten. Well I know
He needs must know when on Cithaeron's fields,
He with a double flock, and I with one,
I was his neighbor during three half years,
From springtide till Arcturus rose; and I

χειμῶνα δ' ἤδη τἀμά τ' εἰς ἔπαυλ' ἐγὼ
ἤλαυνον οὗτός τ' εἰς τὰ Λαΐου σταθμά.
λέγω τι τούτων, ἢ οὐ λέγω πεπραγμένον;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

λέγεις ἀληθῆ, καίπερ ἐκ μακροῦ χρόνου.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

φέρ' εἰπὲ νῦν, τότ' οἶσθα παῖδά μοί τινα
δούς, ὡς ἐμαυτῷ θρέμμα θρεψαίμην ἐγώ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

τί δ' ἐστὶ — πρὸς τί τοῦτο τοὔπος ἱστορεῖς;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ὅδ' ἐστίν, ὦ τᾶν, κεῖνος ὃς τότ' ἦν νέος.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

οὐκ εἰς ὄλεθρον; οὐ σιωπήσας ἔσει;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἆ, μὴ κόλαζε, πρέσβυ, τόνδ', ἐπεὶ τὰ σὰ
δεῖται κολαστοῦ μᾶλλον ἢ τὰ τοῦδ' ἔπη.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

τί δ', ὦ φέριστε δεσποτῶν, ἁμαρτάνω;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὐκ ἐννέπων τὸν παῖδ' ὃν οὗτος ἱστορεῖ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

λέγει γὰρ εἰδὼς οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ἄλλως πονεῖ.

In winter to mine own fold drove my flocks,
And he to those of Laïus. [*To* SHEPHERD.] Answer me,
Speak I, or speak I not, the thing that was?

SHEPHERD.

Thou speak'st the truth, although long years have passed.

FIRST MESSENGER.

Come, then, say on. Dost know thou gav'st me once
A boy, that I might rear him as my child?

SHEPHERD.

What means this? Wherefore askest thou of that?

FIRST MESSENGER.

Here stands he, fellow! that same tiny boy.

SHEPHERD.

A curse befall thee! Wilt not hold thy tongue?

OEDIPUS.

Rebuke him not, old man; thy words need more
The language of rebuker than do his.

SHEPHERD.

Say, good my lord, what fault do I commit?

OEDIPUS.

This, that thou tell'st not of the child he asks for.

SHEPHERD.

Yes, for he nothing knows, and wastes his pains.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

σὺ πρὸς χάριν μὲν οὐκ ἐρεῖς, κλαίων δ' ἐρεῖς.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

μὴ δῆτα, πρὸς θεῶν, τὸν γέροντά μ' αἰκίσῃ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὐχ ὡς τάχος τις τοῦδ' ἀποστρέψει χέρας;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

δύστηνος, ἀντὶ τοῦ; τί προσχρῄζων μαθεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τὸν παῖδ' ἔδωκας τῷδ' ὃν οὗτος ἱστορεῖ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

ἔδωκ'· ὀλέσθαι δ' ὤφελον τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλ' εἰς τόδ' ἥξεις μὴ λέγων γε τοὔνδικον.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον, ἢν φράσω, διόλλυμαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀνὴρ ὅδ', ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐς τριβὰς ἐλᾷ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

οὐ δῆτ' ἔγωγ', ἀλλ' εἶπον ὡς δοίην πάλαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πόθεν λαβών; οἰκεῖον, ἢ 'ξ ἄλλου τινός;

OEDIPUS.

For favor thou speak'st not, but shalt for pain —

SHEPHERD.

By all the Gods, hurt not an old man weak.

OEDIPUS.

Will no one bind his hands behind his back?

SHEPHERD.

Oh, wretched me! And what then wilt thou learn?

OEDIPUS.

Gav'st thou this man the boy of whom he asks?

SHEPHERD.

I gave him. Would that I that day had died.

OEDIPUS.

Soon thou wilt come to that if thou speak'st wrong.

SHEPHERD.

Nay, much more shall I perish if I speak.

OEDIPUS.

This fellow, as it seems, would tire us out.

SHEPHERD.

Not so. I said long since I gave it him.

OEDIPUS.

Whence came it? Was the child thine own or not?

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

ἐμὸν μὲν οὐκ ἔγωγ', ἐδεξάμην δέ του.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τίνος πολιτῶν τῶνδε κἀκ ποίας στέγης;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, μή, δέσποθ', ἱστόρει πλέον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὄλωλας, εἴ σε ταῦτ' ἐρήσομαι πάλιν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

τῶν Λαΐου τοίνυν τις ἦν γεννημάτων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἦ δοῦλος, ἢ κείνου τις ἐγγενὴς γεγώς;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

οἴμοι, πρὸς αὐτῷ γ' εἰμὶ τῷ δεινῷ λέγειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

κἄγωγ' ἀκούειν· ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀκουστέον.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

κείνου γέ τοι δὴ παῖς ἐκλῄζεθ'· ἡ δ' ἔσω
κάλλιστ' ἂν εἴποι σὴ γυνὴ τάδ' ὡς ἔχει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἦ γὰρ δίδωσιν ἥδε σοι;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

μάλιστ', ἄναξ.

SHEPHERD.

Mine own 'twas not, from some one else I had it.

OEDIPUS.

Which of our people, or from out what home?

SHEPHERD.

Oh, by the Gods, my master, ask no more!

OEDIPUS.

Thou diest if I question this again.

SHEPHERD.

Some one it was of Laïus' household born.

OEDIPUS.

Was it a slave, or some one kin to him?

SHEPHERD.

Ah me, I stand upon the very brink
Where most I dread to speak.

OEDIPUS.

And I to hear:
And yet I needs must hear it, come what may.

SHEPHERD.

The boy was said to be his son; but she,
Thy queen within, could tell the whole truth best.

OEDIPUS.

What! was it she who gave it?

SHEPHERD.

Yea, O king!

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὡς πρὸς τί χρείας;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

ὡς ἀναλώσαιμί νιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τεκοῦσα τλήμων;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

θεσφάτων γ' ὄκνῳ κακῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ποίων;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

κτενεῖν νιν τοὺς τεκόντας ἦν λόγος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πῶς δῆτ' ἀφῆκας τῷ γέροντι τῷδε σύ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

κατοικτίσας, ὦ δέσποθ', ὡς ἄλλην χθόνα
δοκῶν ἀποίσειν, αὐτὸς ἔνθεν ἦν· ὁ δὲ
κάκ' ἐς μέγιστ' ἔσωσεν. εἰ γὰρ οὗτος εἶ
ὅν φησιν οὗτος, ἴσθι δύσποτμος γεγώς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἰοὺ ἰού· τὰ πάντ' ἂν ἐξήκοι σαφῆ.
ὦ φῶς, τελευταῖόν σε προσβλέψαιμι νῦν,
ὅστις πέφασμαι φύς τ' ἀφ' ὧν οὐ χρῆν, ξὺν οἷς τ'
οὐ χρῆν ὁμιλῶν, οὕς τέ μ' οὐκ ἔδει κτανών.

[*Exeunt.*

OEDIPUS.

And to what end?

SHEPHERD.

To make away with it.

OEDIPUS.

And could a mother —?

SHEPHERD.

Auguries dark she feared.

OEDIPUS.

What were they?

SHEPHERD.

E'en that he his sire should kill.

OEDIPUS.

Why then did'st thou to this old man resign him?

SHEPHERD.

I pitied him, O master, and I thought
That he would bear him to another land,
Whence he himself had come. But him he saved
For direst evil. For if thou be he
Whom this man speaks of, thou art evil-starred.

OEDIPUS.

Woe! woe! woe! woe! all cometh clear at last.
O light, may this my last glance be on thee,
Who now am seen owing my birth to those
To whom I ought not, and with whom I ought not
In wedlock living, whom I ought not slaying.

[OEDIPUS *rushes within; the* FIRST MESSENGER *retires to the left, the* SHEPHERD *to the right.*

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

στρ. ά.

ἰὼ γενεαὶ βροτῶν,
ὡς ὑμᾶς ἴσα καὶ τὸ μηδὲν ζώσας ἐναριθμῶ.
τίς γάρ, τίς ἀνὴρ πλέον
τᾶς εὐδαιμονίας φέρει
ἢ τοσοῦτον ὅσον δοκεῖν
καὶ δόξαντ' ἀποκλῖναι;
τὸ σόν τοι παράδειγμ' ἔχων,
τὸν σὸν δαίμονα, τὸν σόν, ὦ τλάμων Οἰδιπόδα, βροτῶν
οὐδὲν μακαρίζω·

ἀντ. ά.

ὅστις καθ' ὑπερβολὰν
τοξεύσας ἐκράτησας τοῦ πάντ' εὐδαίμονος ὄλβου,
ὦ Ζεῦ, κατὰ μὲν φθίσας
τὰν γαμψώνυχα παρθένον
χρησμῳδόν· θανάτων δ' ἐμᾷ
χώρᾳ πύργος ἀνέστας·
ἐξ οὗ καὶ βασιλεὺς καλεῖ
ἐμός, καὶ τὰ μέγιστ' ἐτιμάθης, ταῖς μεγάλαισιν ἐν
Θήβαισιν ἀνάσσων.

στρ. β'.

τανῦν δ' ἀκούειν τίς ἀθλιώτερος;
τίς ἄταις ἐν ἀγρίαις, τίς ἐν πόνοις
ξύνοικος ἀλλαγᾷ βίου;
ἰὼ κλεινὸν Οἰδίπου κάρα,
ᾧ μέγας λιμὴν
αὑτὸς ἤρκεσεν
παιδὶ καὶ πατρὶ θαλαμηπόλῳ πεσεῖν,

CHORUS.

STROPH. I.

Ah, race of mortal men,
How as a thing of nought
I count ye, though ye live;
For who is there of men
That more of blessing knows,
Than just a little while
To seem to prosper well,
And, having seemed, to fall?
With thee as pattern given,
Thy destiny, e'en thine,
Ill-fated Oedipus,
I count nought human blest.

ANTISTROPH. I.

For he, with wondrous skill,
Taking his aim, did hit
Success, in all things blest;
And did, O Zeus! destroy
The Virgin with claws bent,
And sayings wild and dark;
And against many deaths
A tower and strong defence
Did for my country rise:
And so thou king art named,
With highest glory crowned,
Ruling in mighty Thebes.

STROPH. II.

And now, who lives than thou more miserable?
Who equals thee in wild woes manifold,
In shifting turns of life?
Ah, noble one, our Oedipus!
For whom the same wide harbor
Sufficed for sire and son,

πῶς ποτε πῶς ποθ' αἱ πατρῷαί σ' ἄλοκες φέρειν, τάλας,
σῖγ' ἐδυνάσθησαν ἐς τοσόνδε;

ἀντ. β'.

ἐφεῦρέ σ' ἄκονθ' ὁ πάνθ' ὁρῶν χρόνος,
δικάζει τὸν ἄγαμον γάμον πάλαι,
τεκνοῦντα καὶ τεκνούμενον.
ἰώ, Λαΐειον ὦ τέκνον,
εἴθε σ', εἴθε σε
μήποτ' εἰδόμαν.
δύρομαι γὰρ ὡς περίαλλ' ἰακχίων
ἐκ στομάτων. τὸ δ' ὀρθὸν εἰπεῖν, ἀνέπνευσά τ' ἐκ σέθεν
καὶ κατεκοίμησα τοὐμὸν ὄμμα.

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ὦ γῆς μέγιστα τῆσδ' ἀεὶ τιμώμενοι, [Introit.
οἷ' ἔργ' ἀκούσεσθ', οἷα δ' εἰσόψεσθ', ὅσον δ'
ἀρεῖσθε πένθος, εἴπερ ἐγγενῶς ἔτι
τῶν Λαβδακείων ἐντρέπεσθε δωμάτων.
οἶμαι γὰρ οὔτ' ἂν Ἴστρον οὔτε Φᾶσιν ἂν
νίψαι καθαρμῷ τήνδε τὴν στέγην, ὅσα
κεύθει, τὰ δ' αὐτίκ' εἰς τὸ φῶς φανεῖ κακὰ
ἑκόντα κοὐκ ἄκοντα. τῶν δὲ πημονῶν
μάλιστα λυποῦσ' αἳ φανῶσ' αὐθαίρετοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

λείπει μὲν οὐδ' ἃ πρόσθεν ᾔδεμεν τὸ μὴ οὐ
βαρύστον' εἶναι· πρὸς δ' ἐκείνοισιν τί φῄς;

In marriage rites to enter:
Ah how, ah, wretched one,
How could thy father's bed
Receive thee, and so long,
Even till now, be dumb?

ANTISTROPH. II.

Time, who sees all things, he hath found thee out,
Against thy will, and long ago condemned
The wedlock none may wed,
Begetter and begotten.
Ah, child of Laïus! would
I ne'er had seen thy face!
I mourn with wailing lips,
Mourn sore exceedingly.
'Tis simplest truth to say,
By thee from death I rose,
By thee in death I sleep.

SECOND MESSENGER.

[*Enters from the Palace.*]

Ye chieftains, honored most in this our land,
What deeds ye now will hear of, what will see,
How great a wailing will ye raise, if still
Ye truly love the house of Labdacus!
For sure I think that neither Istrus' stream
Nor Phasis' floods could purify this house,
Such horrors does it hold. But soon 'twill show
Evils self-chosen, not without free choice:
These self-sought sorrows ever pain men most.

CHORUS.

The ills we knew before lacked nothing meet
For plaint and moaning. Now, what add'st thou more?

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ὁ μὲν τάχιστος τῶν λόγων εἰπεῖν τε καὶ
μαθεῖν, τέθνηκε θεῖον Ἰοκάστης κάρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ὦ δυστάλαινα, πρὸς τίνος ποτ' αἰτίας;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

αὐτὴ πρὸς αὑτῆς· τῶν δὲ πραχθέντων τὰ μὲν
ἄλγιστ' ἄπεστιν· ἡ γὰρ ὄψις οὐ πάρα.
ὅμως δ', ὅσον γε κἀν ἐμοὶ μνήμης ἔνι,
πεύσει τὰ κείνης ἀθλίας παθήματα.
ὅπως γὰρ ὀργῇ χρωμένη παρῆλθ' ἔσω
θυρῶνος, ἵετ' εὐθὺ πρὸς τὰ νυμφικὰ
λέχη, κόμην σπῶσ' ἀμφιδεξίοις ἀκμαῖς.
πύλας δ' ὅπως εἰσῆλθ' ἐπιρράξασ' ἔσω
καλεῖ τὸν ἤδη Λάϊον πάλαι νεκρόν,
μνήμην παλαιῶν σπερμάτων ἔχουσ', ὑφ' ὧν
θάνοι μὲν αὐτός, τὴν δὲ τίκτουσαν λίποι
τοῖς οἷσιν αὐτοῦ δύστεκνον παιδουργίαν.
γοᾶτο δ' εὐνάς, ἔνθα δύστηνος διπλοῦς
ἐξ ἀνδρὸς ἄνδρα καὶ τέκν' ἐκ τέκνων τέκοι.
χὤπως μὲν ἐκ τῶνδ' οὐκέτ' οἶδ' ἀπόλλυται·
βοῶν γὰρ εἰσέπαισεν Οἰδίπους, ὑφ' οὗ
οὐκ ἦν τὸ κείνης ἐκθεάσασθαι κακόν,
ἀλλ' εἰς ἐκεῖνον περιπολοῦντ' ἐλεύσσομεν.
φοιτᾷ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἔγχος ἐξαιτῶν πορεῖν,
γυναῖκά τ' οὐ γυναῖκα, μητρῴαν δ' ὅπου
κίχοι διπλῆν ἄρουραν οὗ τε καὶ τέκνων.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Quickest for me to speak, and thee to learn;
Our sacred queen Jocasta, — she is dead.

CHORUS.

Ah, crushed with many sorrows! How and why?

SECOND MESSENGER.

Herself she slew. The worst of all that passed
I must omit, for none were there to see.
Yet, far as memory suffers me to speak,
That sorrow-stricken woman's end I'll tell;
For when to passion yielding, on she passed
Within the porch, straight to the couch she rushed,
Her bridal bed, with both hands tore her hair,
And as she entered, dashing through the doors,
Calls on her Laïus, dead long years ago,
Remembering that embrace of long ago,
Which brought him death, and left to her who bore,
With his own son a hateful motherhood.
And o'er her bed she wailed, where she had borne
Spouse to her spouse, and children to her child;
And how she perished after this I know not,
For Oedipus struck in with woeful cry,
And we no longer looked upon her fate,
But gazed on him as to and fro he rushed.
For so he raves, and asks us for a sword,
Wherewith to smite the wife that wife was none,
The womb polluted with accursèd births,

λυσσῶντι δ' αὐτῷ δαιμόνων δείκνυσί τις·
οὐδεὶς γὰρ ἀνδρῶν, οἳ παρῆμεν ἐγγύθεν.
δεινὸν δ' ἀΰσας ὡς ὑφηγητοῦ τινος
πύλαις διπλαῖς ἐνήλατ', ἐκ δὲ πυθμένων
ἔκλινε κοῖλα κλῇθρα κἀμπίπτει στέγῃ.
οὗ δὴ κρεμαστὴν τὴν γυναῖκ' ἐσείδομεν,
πλεκταῖσιν αἰώραισιν ἐμπεπληγμένην.
ὁ δ' ὡς ὁρᾷ νιν, δεινὰ βρυχηθεὶς τάλας,
χαλᾷ κρεμαστὴν ἀρτάνην. ἐπεὶ δὲ γῇ
ἔκειτο τλήμων, δεινὰ δ' ἦν τἀνθένδ' ὁρᾶν.
ἀποσπάσας γὰρ εἱμάτων χρυσηλάτους
περόνας ἀπ' αὐτῆς, αἷσιν ἐξεστέλλετο,
ἄρας ἔπαισεν ἄρθρα τῶν αὐτοῦ κύκλων,
αὐδῶν τοιαῦθ', ὁθούνεκ' οὐκ ὄψοιντό νιν
οὔθ' οἷ' ἔπασχεν οὔθ' ὁποῖ' ἔδρα κακά,
ἀλλ' ἐν σκότῳ τὸ λοιπὸν οὓς μὲν οὐκ ἔδει
ὀψοίαθ', οὓς δ' ἔχρῃζεν οὐ γνωσοίατο.
τοιαῦτ' ἐφυμνῶν πολλάκις τε κοὐχ ἅπαξ
ἤρασσ' ἐπαίρων βλέφαρα. φοίνιαι δ' ὁμοῦ
γλῆναι γένει' ἔτεγγον, οὐδ' ἀνίεσαν
φόνου μυδώσας σταγόνας, ἀλλ' ὁμοῦ μέλας
ὄμβρος χαλάζης αἱματοῦς ἐτέγγετο.
τάδ' ἐκ δυοῖν ἔρρωγεν, οὐ μόνου κακά,
ἀλλ' ἀνδρὶ καὶ γυναικὶ συμμιγῆ κακά.
ὁ πρὶν παλαιὸς δ' ὄλβος ἦν πάροιθε μὲν
ὄλβος δικαίως· νῦν δὲ τῇδε θἠμέρᾳ
στεναγμός, ἄτη, θάνατος, αἰσχύνη, κακῶν
ὅσ' ἐστὶ πάντων ὀνόματ', οὐδέν ἐστ' ἀπόν.

Himself, his children, — so, as thus he raves,
Some spirit shows her to him (none of us
Who stood hard by had done so): with a shout
Most terrible, as some one led him on,
Through the two gates he leapt, and from the wards
He slid the hollow bolt, and rushes in;
And there we saw his wife had hung herself,
By twisted cords suspended. When her form
He saw, poor wretch, with one wild, fearful cry
The twisted rope he loosens, and she fell,
Ill-starred one, on the ground. Then came a sight
Most fearful. Tearing from her robe the clasps,
All chased with gold, with which she decked herself,
He with them struck the pupils of his eyes,
With words like these: "Because they had not seen
What ills he suffered and what ills he did,
They in the dark should look, in time to come,
On those whom they ought never to have seen
Nor know the dear ones whom he fain had known."
With such like wails, not once or twice alone,
Raising his eyes, he smote them, and the balls,
All bleeding, stained his cheek, nor poured they forth
Gore drops slow trickling, but the purple shower
Fell fast and full, a pelting storm of blood.
Such were the ills that sprang from both of them,
Not on one only, wife and husband both.
His ancient fortune, which he held of old,
Was truly fortune; but for this day's doom
Wailing and woe, and death and shame, all forms
That man can name of evil, none have failed.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

νῦν δ' ἔσθ' ὁ τλήμων ἔν τινι σχολῇ κακοῦ;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

βοᾷ διοίγειν κλῇθρα καὶ δηλοῦν τινα
τοῖς πᾶσι Καδμείοισι τὸν πατροκτόνον,
τὸν μητρὸς — αὐδῶν ἀνόσι' οὐδὲ ῥητά μοι,
ὡς ἐκ χθονὸς ῥίψων ἑαυτόν, οὐδ' ἔτι
μενῶν δόμοις ἀραῖος, ὡς ἠράσατο.
ῥώμης γε μέντοι καὶ προηγητοῦ τινος
δεῖται· τὸ γὰρ νόσημα μεῖζον ἢ φέρειν.
δείξει δὲ καὶ σοί. κλῇθρα γὰρ πυλῶν τάδε
διοίγεται· θέαμα δ' εἰσόψει τάχα
τοιοῦτον οἷον καὶ στυγοῦντ' ἐποικτίσαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ὦ δεινὸν ἰδεῖν πάθος ἀνθρώποις, [*Introit* Œd.
ὦ δεινότατον πάντων ὅσ' ἐγὼ
προσέκυρσ' ἤδη. τίς σ', ὦ τλῆμον,
προσέβη μανία; τίς ὁ πηδήσας
μείζονα δαίμων τῶν μακίστων
πρὸς σῇ δυσδαίμονι μοίρᾳ;
φεῦ φεῦ, δύσταν'· ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐσιδεῖν
δύναμαί σε, θέλων πόλλ' ἀνερέσθαι,
πολλὰ πυθέσθαι, πολλὰ δ' ἀθρῆσαι·
τοίαν φρίκην παρέχεις μοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ, δύστανος ἐγώ,
ποῖ γᾶς φέρομαι τλάμων; πᾶ μοι

CHORUS.

What rest from suffering hath the poor wretch now?

SECOND MESSENGER.

He calls to us to ope the bolts, and show
To all in Thebes his father's murderer,
His mother's —. Foul and fearful were the words
He spoke; I dare not speak them. Then he said
That he would cast himself adrift, nor stay
At home accursèd, as himself had cursed.
Some stay he surely needs, or guiding hand,
For greater is the ill than he can bear,
And this he soon will show thee, for the bolts
Of the two gates are opening, and thou'lt see
A sight to touch e'en hatred's self with pity.

The doors of the Palace are thrown open, and OEDIPUS *is seen within.*

CHORUS.

Oh, fearful sight for men to look upon!
Most fearful of all woes
I hitherto have known! What madness strange
Has come on thee, thou wretched one?
What Power with one fell swoop,
Ills heaping upon ills,
Than greatest greater yet,
Has marked thee for its prey?
Woe! woe! thou doomed one, wishing much to ask,
And much to learn, and much to gaze into,
I cannot look on thee,
So horrible the sight!

OEDIPUS.

Ah, woe! ah, woe! ah, woe!
Woe for my misery!

φθογγὰ δι᾽ ἄλας πέταται φοράδην;
ἰὼ δαῖμον, ἵν᾽ ἐξήλλου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἐς δεινόν, οὐδ᾽ ἀκουστόν, οὐδ᾽ ἐπόψιμον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

στρ. ά.

ἰὼ σκότου
νέφος ἐμὸν ἀπότροπον, ἐπιπλόμενον ἄφατον,
ἀδάματόν τε καὶ δυσούριστον ὄν.
οἴμοι,
οἴμοι μάλ᾽ αὖθις· οἷον εἰσέδυ μ᾽ ἅμα
κέντρων τε τῶνδ᾽ οἴστρημα καὶ μνήμη κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

καὶ θαῦμά γ᾽ οὐδὲν ἐν τοσοῖσδε πήμασιν
διπλᾶ σε πενθεῖν καὶ διπλᾶ φέρειν κακά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀντ. ά.

ἰὼ φίλος,
σὺ μὲν ἐμὸς ἐπίπολος ἔτι μόνιμος· ἔτι γὰρ
ὑπομένεις με τὸν τυφλὸν κηδεύων.
φεῦ φεῦ.
οὐ γάρ με λήθεις, ἀλλὰ γιγνώσκω σαφῶς,
καίπερ σκοτεινός, τήν γε σὴν αὐδὴν ὅμως.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ὦ δεινὰ δράσας, πῶς ἔτλης τοιαῦτα σὰς
ὄψεις μαρᾶναι; τίς σ᾽ ἐπῆρε δαιμόνων;

Where am I wandering in my utter woe?
    Where floats my voice in air?
Dread Power, with crushing might
Thou leaped'st on my head.

CHORUS.

Yea, with dread doom nor sight nor speech may bear.

OEDIPUS.

O cloud of darkness, causing one to shrink,
That onward sweeps with dread ineffable,
Resistless, borne along by evil blast,
    Woe, woe, and woe again!
How through me darts the throbs these clasps have caused,
And memory of my ills.

CHORUS.

And who can wonder that in such dire woes
Thou mournest doubly, bearing twofold ills.

OEDIPUS.

Ah, friend,
Thou only keepest by me, faithful found,
Nor dost the blind one slight.
    Woe, woe,
For thou escap'st me not; I clearly know,
Though all is dark, at least that voice of thine.

CHORUS.

O man of fearful deeds, how could'st thou bear
Thine eyes to outrage? What Power stirred thee to it?

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

στρ. β'.

Ἀπόλλων τάδ' ἦν, Ἀπόλλων, φίλοι,
ὁ κακὰ κακὰ τελῶν ἐμὰ τάδ' ἐμὰ πάθεα.
ἔπαισε δ' αὐτόχειρ νιν οὔτις, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ τλάμων.
τί γὰρ ἔδει μ' ὁρᾶν,
ὅτῳ γ' ὁρῶντι μηδὲν ἦν ἰδεῖν γλυκύ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἦν ταῦθ' ὅπωσπερ καὶ σὺ φῄς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

τί δῆτ' ἐμοὶ βλεπτόν, ἢ στερκτόν, ἢ προσήγορον
ἔτ' ἔστ' ἀκούειν ἁδονᾷ, φίλοι;
ἀπάγετ' ἐκτόπιον ὅτι τάχιστά με,
ἀπάγετ', ὦ φίλοι, τὸν μέγ' ὀλέθριον,
τὸν καταρατότατον, ἔτι δὲ καὶ θεοῖς
ἐχθρότατον βροτῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

δείλαιε τοῦ νοῦ τῆς τε συμφορᾶς ἴσον,
ὥς σ' ἠθέλησα μήδ' ἀναγνῶναί ποτ' ἄν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀντ. β'.

ὄλοιθ' ὅστις ἦν ὃς ἀγρίας πέδας
νομάδ' ἐπιποδίας ἔλαβέ μ' ἀπό τε φόνου
ἔρυτο κἀνέσωσεν, οὐδὲν εἰς χάριν πράσσων.
τότε γὰρ ἂν θανὼν
οὐκ ἦν φίλοισιν οὐδ' ἐμοὶ τοσόνδ' ἄχος.

OEDIPUS.

Apollo, oh, my friends, the God, Apollo,
Who worketh out all these, my bitter woes;
Yet no man's hand but mine has smitten them.
    What need for me to see,
When nothing's left that's sweet to look upon?

CHORUS.

Too truly dost thou speak the thing that is.

OEDIPUS.

    Yea, what remains to see,
    Or what to love, or hear,
    With any touch of joy?
Lead me away, my friends, with utmost speed
Lead me away, the foul polluted one,
    Of all men most accursed,
    Most hateful to the Gods.

CHORUS.

Ah, wretched one, alike in soul and doom,
I fain could wish that I had never known thee.

OEDIPUS.

Ill fate be his who from the fetters freed
    The child upon the hills,
And rescued me from death,
    And saved me, — thankless boon!
    Ah! had I died but then,
Nor to my friends nor me had been such woe.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

θέλοντι κἀμοὶ τοῦτ' ἂν ἦν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὔκουν πατρός γ' ἂν φονεὺς ἦλθον, οὐδὲ νυμφίος
βροτοῖς ἐκλήθην ὧν ἔφυν ἄπο.
νῦν δ' ἄθεος μέν εἰμ', ἀνοσίων δὲ παῖς,
ὁμογενὴς δ' ἀφ' ὧν αὐτὸς ἔφυν τάλας.
εἰ δέ τι πρεσβύτερον ἔτι κακοῦ κακόν,
τοῦτ' ἔλαχ' Οἰδίπους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως σε φῶ βεβουλεῦσθαι καλῶς.
κρείσσων γὰρ ἦσθα μηκέτ' ὢν ἢ ζῶν τυφλός.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ὡς μὲν τάδ' οὐχ ὧδ' ἔστ' ἄριστ' εἰργασμένα,
μή μ' ἐκδίδασκε, μηδὲ συμβούλευ' ἔτι.
ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐκ οἶδ' ὄμμασιν ποίοις βλέπων
πατέρα ποτ' ἂν προσεῖδον εἰς Ἅιδου μολών,
οὐδ' αὖ τάλαιναν μητέρ', οἷν ἐμοὶ δυοῖν
ἔργ' ἐστὶ κρείσσον' ἀγχόνης εἰργασμένα.
ἀλλ' ἡ τέκνων δῆτ' ὄψις ἦν ἐφίμερος,
βλαστοῦσ' ὅπως ἔβλαστε, προσλεύσσειν ἐμοί;
οὐ δῆτα τοῖς γ' ἐμοῖσιν ὀφθαλμοῖς ποτε·
οὐδ' ἄστυ γ', οὐδὲ πύργος, οὐδὲ δαιμόνων
ἀγάλμαθ' ἱρά, τῶν ὁ παντλήμων ἐγὼ
κάλλιστ' ἀνὴρ εἷς ἔν γε ταῖς Θήβαις τραφεὶς
ἀπεστέρησ' ἐμαυτόν, αὐτὸς ἐννέπων

CHORUS.

I, too, could fain wish that.

OEDIPUS.

Yes; then I had not been
    My father's murderer;
Nor had men pointed to me as the man
    Wedded with her who bore him.
But now all godless, born of impious stock,
In incest joined with her who gave me birth; —
Yea, if there be an evil worse than all,
It falls on Oedipus!

CHORUS.

I may not say that thou art well-advised,
For better wert thou dead than living blind.

OEDIPUS.

Persuade me not, nor counsel give to show
That what I did was not the best to do.
I know not with what eyes, in Hades dark,
To look on mine own father or my mother,
When I against them both, alas! have done
Deeds for which strangling were too light a doom.
My children's face, forsooth, was sweet to see,
Their birth being what it was; nay, nay, not so
To these mine eyes, nor yet this, nor tower,
Nor sacred shrines of Gods whence I, who stood
Most honored one in Thebes, myself have banished,

ὠθεῖν ἅπαντας τὸν ἀσεβῆ, τὸν ἐκ θεῶν
φανέντ' ἄναγνον καὶ γένους τοῦ Λαΐου.
τοιάνδ' ἐγὼ κηλῖδα μηνύσας ἐμὴν
ὀρθοῖς ἔμελλον ὄμμασιν τούτους ὁρᾶν;
ἥκιστά γ'· ἀλλ' εἰ τῆς ἀκουούσης ἔτ' ἦν
πηγῆς δι' ὤτων φραγμός, οὐκ ἂν ἐσχόμην
τὸ μὴ ἀποκλῇσαι τοὐμὸν ἄθλιον δέμας,
ἵν' ἦν τυφλός τε καὶ κλύων μηδέν· τὸ γὰρ
τὴν φροντίδ' ἔξω τῶν κακῶν οἰκεῖν γλυκύ.
ἰὼ Κιθαιρών, τί μ' ἐδέχου; τί μ' οὐ λαβὼν
ἔκτεινας εὐθύς, ὡς ἔδειξα μήποτε
ἐμαυτὸν ἀνθρώποισιν ἔνθεν ἦν γεγώς;
ὦ Πόλυβε καὶ Κόρινθε καὶ τὰ πάτρια
λόγῳ παλαιὰ δώμαθ', οἷον ἆρά με
κάλλος κακῶν ὕπουλον ἐξεθρέψατε.
νῦν γὰρ κακός τ' ὢν κἀκ κακῶν εὑρίσκομαι.
ὦ τρεῖς κέλευθοι καὶ κεκρυμμένη νάπη
δρυμός τε καὶ στενωπὸς ἐν τριπλαῖς ὁδοῖς,
αἳ τοὐμὸν αἷμα τῶν ἐμῶν χειρῶν ἄπο
ἐπίετε πατρός, ἆρά μου μέμνησθέ τι,
οἷ' ἔργα δράσας ὑμὶν εἶτα δεῦρ' ἰὼν
ὁποῖ' ἔπρασσον αὖθις; ὦ γάμοι γάμοι,
ἐφύσαθ' ἡμᾶς, καὶ φυτεύσαντες πάλιν
ἀνεῖτε ταὐτὸν σπέρμα, κἀπεδείξατε
πατέρας, ἀδελφούς, παῖδας, αἷμ' ἐμφύλιον,
νύμφας, γυναῖκας, μητέρας τε, χὠπόσα
αἴσχιστ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἔργα γίγνεται.
ἀλλ' — οὐ γὰρ αὐδᾶν ἔσθ' ἃ μηδὲ δρᾶν καλόν —

Commanding all to thrust the godless forth,
Him whom the Gods do show accursed, the stock
Of Laïus old. And could I dare to look,
Such dire pollution fixing on myself,
And meet these face to face? Not so, not so.
Yea, if I could but stop the stream of sound,
And dam mine ears against it, I would do it,
Sealing my body vile, that I might live
Both blind and hearing nothing. Sweet 'twould be
To keep my soul beyond the reach of ills.
Why, O Cithaeron, did'st thou shelter me,
Nor kill me out of hand? I had not shown,
In that case, all men whence I drew my birth.
O Polybus, and Corinth, and the home
Of old called mine, how strange a growth ye reared,
All fair outside, all rotten at the core;
For vile I stand, descended from the vile.
Ye threefold roads and thickets half concealed,
The copse, the narrow pass where three ways meet,
Which at my hands did drink my father's blood,
Remember ye what deeds I did in you,
What, hither come, I did?—O marriage rites
That gave me birth, and, having borne me, gave
To me in turn an offspring, and ye showed
Fathers, and sons, and brothers, all in one,
Mothers, and wives, and daughters, hateful names,
All foulest deeds that men have ever done.
But, since, where deeds are evil, speech is wrong,

ὅπως τάχιστα πρὸς θεῶν ἔξω μέ που
καλύψατ', ἢ φονεύσατ', ἢ θαλάσσιον
ἐκρίψατ', ἔνθα μήποτ' εἰσόψεσθ' ἔτι.
ἴτ', ἀξιώσατ' ἀνδρὸς ἀθλίου θιγεῖν.
πίθεσθε, μὴ δείσητε. τἀμὰ γὰρ κακὰ
οὐδεὶς οἷός τε πλὴν ἐμοῦ φέρειν βροτῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἀλλ' ὧν ἐπαιτεῖς ἐς δέον πάρεσθ' ὅδε
Κρέων τὸ πράσσειν καὶ τὸ βουλεύειν, ἐπεὶ
χώρας λέλειπται μοῦνος ἀντὶ σοῦ φύλαξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οἴμοι, τί δῆτα λέξομεν πρὸς τόνδ' ἔπος;
τίς μοι φανεῖται πίστις ἔνδικος; τὰ γὰρ
πάρος πρὸς αὐτὸν πάντ' ἐφεύρημαι κακός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

οὐθ' ὡς γελαστής, Οἰδίπους, ἐλήλυθα, [Introit.
οὐθ' ὡς ὀνειδιῶν τι τῶν πάρος κακῶν.
ἀλλ' εἰ τὰ θνητῶν μὴ καταισχύνεσθ' ἔτι
γένεθλα, τὴν γοῦν πάντα βόσκουσαν φλόγα
αἰδεῖσθ' ἄνακτος Ἡλίου, τοιόνδ' ἄγος
ἀκάλυπτον οὕτω δεικνύναι, τὸ μήτε γῆ
μήτ' ὄμβρος ἱρὸς μήτε φῶς προσδέξεται.
ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἐς οἶκον ἐσκομίζετε·
τοῖς ἐν γένει γὰρ τἀγγενῆ μάλισθ' ὁρᾶν
μόνοις τ' ἀκούειν εὐσεβῶς ἔχει κακά.

With utmost speed, by all the Gods, or slay me,
Or drive me forth, or hide me in the sea,
Where never more your eyes may look on me.
Come, scorn ye not to touch a wretch like me,
But hearken; fear ye not; no soul save me
Can bear the burden of my countless ills.
But ye, if ye have lost your sense of shame
For mortal men, yet reverence the light
Of him, our King, the Sun-God, source of life,
Nor sight so foul expose unveiled to view,
Which neither earth, nor shower from heaven, nor light,
Can see and welcome. But with utmost speed
Convey me in; for nearest kin alone
Can meetly see and hear their kindred's ills.

CHORUS.

The man for what thou need'st is come in time,
Creon, to counsel, and to act, for now
He in thy stead is left our state's one guide.

OEDIPUS.

Ah, me! what language shall I hold to him,
What trust at his hands claim? In all the past
I showed myself to him most vile and base.

CREON.

[*Enters from the City.*]

I have not come, O Oedipus, to scorn,
Nor to reproach thee for thy former crimes.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πρὸς θεῶν, ἐπείπερ ἐλπίδος μ' ἀπέσπασας,
ἄριστος ἐλθὼν πρὸς κάκιστον ἄνδρ' ἐμέ,
πιθοῦ τί μοι· πρὸς σοῦ γάρ, οὐδ' ἐμοῦ, φράσω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

καὶ τοῦ με χρείας ὧδε λιπαρεῖς τυχεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ῥῖψόν με γῆς ἐκ τῆσδ' ὅσον τάχισθ', ὅπου
θνητῶν φανοῦμαι μηδενὸς προσήγορος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ἔδρασ' ἂν εὖ τοῦτ' ἴσθ' ἄν, εἰ μὴ τοῦ θεοῦ
πρώτιστ' ἔχρῃζον ἐκμαθεῖν τί πρακτέον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλ' ἥ γ' ἐκείνου πᾶσ' ἐδηλώθη φάτις,
τὸν πατροφόντην, τὸν ἀσεβῆ μ' ἀπολλύναι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

οὕτως ἐλέχθη ταῦθ'· ὅμως δ', ἵν' ἕσταμεν
χρείας, ἄμεινον ἐκμαθεῖν τί δραστέον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οὕτως ἄρ' ἀνδρὸς ἀθλίου πεύσεσθ' ὕπερ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

καὶ γὰρ σὺ νῦν τἂν τῷ θεῷ πίστιν φέροις.

OEDIPUS.

Oh, by the Gods! since thou, beyond my hopes,
Dost come all noble unto me all base,
One favor grant. I seek thy good, not mine.

CREON.

And what request seek'st thou so wistfully?

OEDIPUS.

Cast me with all thy speed from out this land,
Where nevermore a man may speak to me!

CREON.

Be sure, I would have done so, but I wished
To learn what now the God will bid us do.

OEDIPUS.

The oracle was surely clear enough
That I, the parricide, the pest, should die.

CREON.

So ran the words. But in our present need
'Tis better to learn surely what to do.

OEDIPUS.

And will ye ask for one so vile as I?

CREON.

Yea, thou, too, now would'st trust the voice of God.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

καὶ σοί γ' ἐπισκήπτω τε καὶ προτρέψομαι,
τῆς μὲν κατ' οἴκους αὐτὸς ὃν θέλεις τάφον
θοῦ· καὶ γὰρ ὀρθῶς τῶν γε σῶν τελεῖς ὕπερ·
ἐμοῦ δὲ μήποτ' ἀξιωθήτω τόδε
πατρῷον ἄστυ ζῶντος οἰκητοῦ τυχεῖν,
ἀλλ' ἔα με ναίειν ὄρεσιν, ἔνθα κλῄζεται
οὑμὸς Κιθαιρὼν οὗτος, ὃν μήτηρ τέ μοι
πατήρ τ' ἐθέσθην ζῶντε κύριον τάφον,
ἵν' ἐξ ἐκείνων, οἵ μ' ἀπωλλύτην, θάνω.
καίτοι τοσοῦτόν γ' οἶδα, μήτε μ' ἂν νόσον
μήτ' ἄλλο πέρσαι μηδέν· οὐ γὰρ ἄν ποτε
θνήσκων ἐσώθην, μὴ 'πί τῳ δεινῷ κακῷ.
ἀλλ' ἡ μὲν ἡμῶν μοῖρ', ὅποιπερ εἶσ', ἴτω·
παίδων δὲ τῶν μὲν ἀρσένων μή μοι, Κρέον,
προσθῇ μέριμναν· ἄνδρες εἰσίν, ὥστε μὴ
σπάνιν ποτὲ σχεῖν, ἔνθ' ἂν ὦσι, τοῦ βίου·
ταῖν δ' ἀθλίαιν οἰκτραῖν τε παρθένοιν ἐμαῖν,
αἷν οὔποθ' ἡμὴ χωρὶς ἐστάθη βορᾶς
τράπεζ' ἄνευ τοῦδ' ἀνδρός, ἀλλ' ὅσων ἐγὼ
ψαύοιμι, πάντων τῷνδ' ἀεὶ μετειχέτην·
αἷν μοι μέλεσθαι· καὶ μάλιστα μὲν χεροῖν
ψαῦσαί μ' ἔασον κἀποκλαύσασθαι κακά.
ἴθ' ὦναξ,
ἴθ' ὦ γονῇ γενναῖε. χερσί τἂν θιγὼν
δοκοῖμ' ἔχειν σφᾶς, ὥσπερ ἡνίκ' ἔβλεπον.
τί φημί;
οὐ δὴ κλύω που πρὸς θεῶν τοῖν μοι φίλοιν

OEDIPUS.

And this I charge thee, yea, and supplicate;
For her within, provide what tomb thou wilt,
For thine own most meetly thou wilt care;
But never let this city of my fathers
Be sentenced to receive me as its guest;
But suffer me on yon lone hills to dwell,
On my Cithaeron, destined for my tomb,
While still I lived, by mother and by sire,
That I may die by those who sought to kill.
And yet this much I know, that no disease
Nor aught else could have killed me; ne'er from death
Had I been saved but for some evil dread.
As for our fate, let it go where it will;
But for my children, of my boys, O Creon,
Take thou no thought; as men they will not feel,
Where'er they be, the lack of means to live.
But for my two poor girls, all desolate,
To whom my table never brought a meal
Without my presence, but whate'er I touched
They still partook of with me; — care for these;
Yea, let me touch them with my hands, and weep
With them my sorrows. Grant it, O my prince,
O born of noble nature!
Could I but touch them with my hands, I feel
Still I should have them mine, as when I saw.

Enter ANTIGONE *and* ISMENE, *with* Attendants.

What say I? What is this?
Do I not hear, ye Gods, their dear, loved tones,

δακρυρροοῦντοιν, καί μ' ἐποικτείρας Κρέων
ἔπεμψέ μοι τὰ φίλτατ' ἐκγόνοιν ἐμοῖν;
λέγω τι;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

λέγεις· ἐγὼ γάρ εἰμ' ὁ πορσύνας τάδε,
γνοὺς τὴν παροῦσαν τέρψιν, ἥ σ' εἶχεν πάλαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίης, καί σε τῆσδε τῆς ὁδοῦ
δαίμων ἄμεινον ἢ 'μὲ φρουρήσας τύχοι.
ὦ τέκνα, ποῦ ποτ' ἐστέ; δεῦρ' ἴτ', ἔλθετε
ὡς τὰς ἀδελφὰς τάσδε τὰς ἐμὰς χέρας,
αἳ τοῦ φυτουργοῦ πατρὸς ὑμὶν ὧδ' ὁρᾶν
τὰ πρόσθε λαμπρὰ προυξένησαν ὄμματα·
ὃς ὑμίν, ὦ τέκν', οὔθ' ὁρῶν οὔθ' ἱστορῶν
πατὴρ ἐφάνθην ἔνθεν αὐτὸς ἠρόθην.
καὶ σφὼ δακρύω — προσβλέπειν γὰρ οὐ σθένω —
νοούμενος τὰ λοιπὰ τοῦ πικροῦ βίου,
οἷον βιῶναι σφὼ πρὸς ἀνθρώπων χρεών.
ποίας γὰρ ἀστῶν ἥξετ' εἰς ὁμιλίας,
ποίας δ' ἑορτάς, ἔνθεν οὐ κεκλαυμέναι
πρὸς οἶκον ἵξεσθ' ἀντὶ τῆς θεωρίας;
ἀλλ' ἡνίκ' ἂν δὴ πρὸς γάμων ἥκητ' ἀκμάς,
τίς οὗτος ἔσται, τίς παραρρίψει, τέκνα,
τοιαῦτ' ὀνείδη λαμβάνων, ἃ τοῖς ἐμοῖς
γονεῦσιν ἔσται σφῷν θ' ὁμοῦ δηλήματα;
τί γὰρ κακῶν ἄπεστι; τὸν πατέρα πατὴρ
ὑμῶν ἔπεφνε· τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἤροσεν,

Broken with sobs, and Creon, pitying me,
Hath sent the dearest of my children to me?
Is it not so?

CREON.

It is so. I am he who gives thee this,
Knowing the joy thou had'st in them of old.

OEDIPUS.

A blessing on thee! May the Powers on high
Guard thy path better than they guarded mine!
Where are ye, O my children! Come, oh, come
To these your brother's hands, that now have brought
Your father's once bright eyes to this fell pass,
Who, O my children, blind and knowing nought,
Became your father e'en by her who bore me.
I weep for you (for sight is mine no more),
Picturing in mind the sad and dreary life
Which waits you at men's hands in years to come;
For to what friendly gatherings will ye go,
Or solemn feasts, from whence, for all the joy
And pride, ye shall not home return in tears?
And when ye come to marriageable age,
Who is there, O my children, rash enough
To make his own the shame that then will fall,
Reproaches on my parents, and on yours?
What evil fails us here? Your father killed
His father, and was wed in incest foul

ὅθεν περ αὐτὸς ἐσπάρη, κἀκ τῶν ἴσων
ἐκτήσαθ' ὑμᾶς, ὧνπερ αὐτὸς ἐξέφυ.
τοιαῦτ' ὀνειδιεῖσθε. κᾆτα τίς γαμεῖ;
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδείς, ὦ τέκν', ἀλλὰ δηλαδὴ
χέρσους φθαρῆναι κἀγάμους ὑμᾶς χρεών.
ὦ παῖ Μενοικέως, ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ μόνος πατὴρ
ταύταιν λέλειψαι, νὼ γάρ, ὣ 'φυτεύσαμεν,
ὀλώλαμεν δύ' ὄντε, μή σφε περιίδῃς
πτωχὰς ἀνάνδρους ἐγγενεῖς ἀλωμένας,
μηδ' ἐξισώσῃς τάσδε τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς.
ἀλλ' οἴκτισόν σφας, ὧδε τηλικάσδ' ὁρῶν
πάντων ἐρήμους, πλὴν ὅσον τὸ σὸν μέρος.
ξύννευσον, ὦ γενναῖε, σῇ ψαύσας χερί.
σφῷν δ', ὦ τέκν', εἰ μὲν εἰχέτην ἤδη φρένας,
πόλλ' ἂν παρῄνουν· νῦν δὲ τοῦτ' εὔχεσθέ μοι,
οὗ καιρὸς ἀεὶ ζῆν, βίου δὲ λῴονος
ὑμᾶς κυρῆσαι τοῦ φυτεύσαντος πατρός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ἅλις, ἵν' ἐξήκεις δακρύων· ἀλλ' ἴθι στέγης ἔσω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

πειστέον, κεἰ μηδὲν ἡδύ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

πάντα γὰρ καιρῷ καλά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

οἶσθ' ἐφ' οἷς οὖν εἶμι;

With her who bore him, and you twain begat
Of her who gave him birth. Such shame as this
Will men lay on you, and who then will dare
To make you his in marriage? None, not one,
My children! but ye needs must waste away,
Unwedded, childless. Thou, Menoeceus' son,
Since thou alone art left a father to them
(For we their parents perish utterly),
Suffer them not to wander husbandless,
Nor let thy kindred beg their daily bread,
Nor make them sharers with me in my woe;
But look on them with pity, seeing them
At their age, but for thee, deprived of all.
O noble soul, I pray thee, touch my hand
In token of consent. And ye, my girls,
Had ye the minds to hearken, I would fain
Give ye much counsel. As it is, pray for me
To live where'er is meet; and for yourselves
A brighter life than his ye call your sire.

CREON.

Enough of tears. Go thou within the house.

OEDIPUS.

I needs must yield, however hard it be.

CREON.

In their right season all things prosper best.

OEDIPUS.

Know'st thou my wish?

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

λέξεις, καὶ τότ' εἴσομαι κλύων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

γῆς μ' ὅπως πέμψεις ἄποικον.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

τοῦ θεοῦ μ' αἰτεῖς δόσιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἀλλὰ θεοῖς γ' ἔχθιστος ἥκω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

τοιγαροῦν τεύξει τάχα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

φῂς τάδ' οὖν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

ἃ μὴ φρονῶ γὰρ οὐ φιλῶ λέγειν μάτην.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἄπαγέ νύν μ' ἐντεῦθεν ἤδη.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

στεῖχέ νυν, τέκνων δ' ἀφοῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

μηδαμῶς ταύτας γ' ἕλῃ μου.

ΚΡΕΩΝ.

πάντα μὴ βούλου κρατεῖν·
καὶ γὰρ ἀκράτησας οὔ σοι τῷ βίῳ ξυνέσπετο. [*Exeunt.*

CREON.

Speak, and I then shall know.

OEDIPUS.

That thou should'st send me far away from home.

CREON.

Thou askest what the Gods alone can give.

OEDIPUS.

As for the Gods, above all men they hate me

CREON.

And therefore it may chance thou gain'st thy wish.

OEDIPUS.

And dost thou promise?

CREON.

When I mean them not,
I am not wont to utter idle words.

OEDIPUS.

Lead me, then, hence.

CREON.

Go thou, but leave thy children.

OEDIPUS.

Ah, take them not from me!

CREON.

Thou must not think
To hold the sway in all things all thy life:
The sway thou had'st did not abide with thee.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ὦ πάτρας Θήβης ἔνοικοι, λεύσσετ', Οἰδίπους ὅδε,
ὃς τὰ κλείν' αἰνίγματ' ᾔδη καὶ κράτιστος ἦν ἀνήρ,
ὅστις οὐ ζήλῳ πολιτῶν καὶ τύχαις ἐπιβλέπων,
εἰς ὅσον κλύδωνα δεινῆς συμφορᾶς ἐλήλυθεν.
ὥστε, θνητὸν ὄντ', ἐκείνην τὴν τελευταίαν ἰδεῖν
ἡμέραν ἐπισκοποῦντα, μηδέν' ὀλβίζειν, πρὶν ἂν
τέρμα τοῦ βίου περάσῃ μηδὲν ἀλγεινὸν παθών.

[*Exit* CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Ye men of Thebes, behold this Oedipus,
Who knew the famous riddle and was noblest,
Whose fortune who saw not with envious glances?
And, lo! in what a sea of direst trouble
He now is plunged. [*All go within.*] From hence the lesson learn ye,
To reckon no man happy till ye witness
The closing day; until he pass the border
Which severs life from death, unscathed by sorrow.

[*Retires to the City.*

Press-work by Rockwell & Churchill.